The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1593 AUG. 2, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE—

PORTSMOUTH NAVY WEEK—Aug. 2–9.

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THE 12TH

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10. 0	"The Flying Scotsman." —Louis XVI Restaurant. Edinburgh (non-stop), Dundee, Aberdeen.	**7*25**	"The Highlandman." Edinburgh, Fort William (Breakfast Car attached *en route*), Perth, Inverness.
10. 5	Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.	**7*40**	"The Aberdonian." Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.
11.15	"The Queen of Scots." Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee.	**10†25**	"The Night Scotsman." Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
11.50	Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Inverness.	**10†35**	Edinburgh, Glasgow.
P. M.		A. M.	
1.15	Edinburgh, Glasgow.	**1§10**	After-Theatre Sleeping (1st class) and Breakfast Car Train. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness.
A. M.	**Sundays**		
11.30	Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Perth.		

*Nightly (except Saturdays).
†Nightly.
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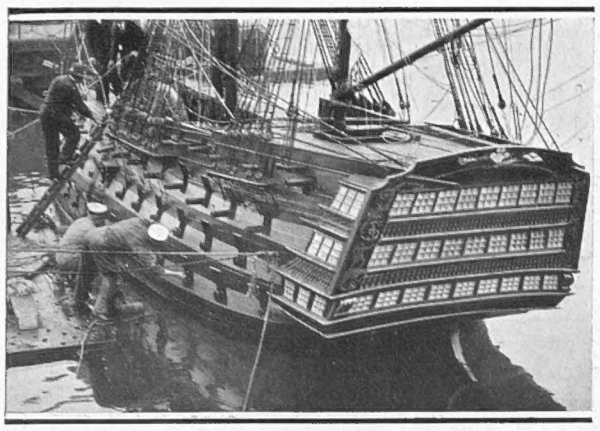
CARRYING THE BABIES to Safety During the ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE

The tragic earthquake which has ravaged Southern Italy in the neighbourhood of Melfi has, apparently, expended itself. The first quakes were felt about 1 a.m. on Wednesday morning of last week. Three of the richest provinces in corn and wine in Italy have been devastated. The district lies about seventy-five miles due east of Naples, which was itself badly shaken, and the death roll has amounted to 2,142—and that figure is still incomplete. One remarkable feature of the 'quake was that, despite its comparative proximity to Vesuvius, the volcano was quiescent during its progress. Above is reproduced a scene, too often repeated during last week, near Melfi. The Italian soldiers are here seen bringing in wounded children to an improvised dressing-station.



The attention of the reader is called specially to the Naval Section in this issue. It deals with Portsmouth Week, when the general public will have the opportunity of going over Portsmouth Dockyard and inspecting all kinds of warships. Nelson's *Victory* will, of course, remain a particular attraction. Above is its 60-ft. replica nearing completion

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 30, 1930.

A Sad Ending.—Widespread disaster contributed to the profound melancholy in which the Season of 1930 came to an end. The weather alone was enough to justify a feeling of gloom, for it has outdone the worst which November can do. The Meopham disaster was received in London among all classes—curiously noticeable in the shops—with a sense of oppression which strongly recalled public feeling at the death of King Edward and the news of the *Titanic* disaster. On the top of these just causes of melancholy came the official death rolls in the American heat-wave and the Italian earthquake—300 and 3,000 souls sent to their account by convulsions of Nature. What pygmies we are. And in our periodic realization of this grim truth we echo that further platitude, to the detriment of our little plans and schemes, "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!" It is not strange if at times we wonder whether any form of endeavour is worth while. I search my memory for any match for the gloom of the past week, and am compelled to go back to August 1914. The whole nation seemed suddenly to have become tardily alive to the crisis to which cowardice and political self-seeking has brought this old country, to the dangers which threaten the Empire and a score of beloved institutions. Let us hope that good may come of it. The dawn is not far distant if the nation will but unanimously promise support to a courageous Government however unpalatable its proposals.

Pour Encourager les Autres.—Since the present Government came into power the unemployed total has increased by nearly 800,000. It is proposed to increase the Prime Minister's salary from £5,000 to £8,000. In other words:

Don't shoot the organist; he is doing his best.

Now, what I have written is about as unjust as anything that ever emanated from the Street of Adventure. Unemployment would have increased since last year even if a Richelieu had been at the helm. And whatever come of the recommendations of the untimely, timely Committee on Ministerial Salaries, they will not benefit Mr. MacDonald exclusively, if at all. For all that, the two statements in their bitter contrast point a moral to a purblind age. One day the social historian will have the bitter duty of pointing out that if in this vital decade a Cromwell had arisen, with the courage and character and fire needed in a Dictator, to preach a crusade of economy, to point out that alone of the countries involved in the War England has refused to admit the alteration of our economic status from wealth to poverty, then England might have been saved from irreparable disaster. Economy, from the top downwards; rigid self-sacrifice, practised first by the leaders in politics, Society, and the Services, as a prelude to the extinction of the dole system, and the substitution of judicious and discriminate relief in genuine cases. The Civil Service at any rate is not prepared to lead the way.

A National Tragedy.—The magnitude of the Italian disaster was never exaggerated. Eight townships lying east of Naples were literally decimated. In the case of Villanova one-fifth of the population is dead. There are villages in which hardly a roof remains and there were not enough survivors left to bury the dead. Italy's Lady of the Lamp, the Duchess of Aosta, one of the first on the scene, saw on all sides glimpses of a tragedy that lies too deep for tears. Stricken parents dragging hand-carts loaded with the dead bodies of their children; whole families of seven or eight laid in rows outside the ruins of their cottages; live children clasped in the cold arms of dead parents. These are scenes which, since the days of Pliny, are familiar by tradition in the Naples area from generation to generation, and every few years those bitter memories are refreshed by actual experience. But still the crazy, congested villages rise again on the sites of unspeakable tragedy. For to the peasant the land passion is stronger than death and fiercer than human love.

The Meopham Disaster. — Every type of comment has been made on this appalling air disaster. It is not snobbery that accords it greater prominence because the victims were all well known in Society. It is natural that those about whose doings we read every day and whose features are well known to us in photographs should acquire for us the familiarity of friends. Thus Lady Ednam and Mrs. Loeffler were both in a sense the familiar acquaintances of the reading public. For myself I clearly recall my last words to Colonel Henderson; these were spoken twenty-four years ago to an incredibly good-looking youth in an undergraduate's room in Trinity College. These are the two points on which I shall touch: These air disasters evoke our superstitious fears if we are weak. We see Nature or Death balked of its untimely victims by our stupendous advance in medical science, getting back on us by claiming victims of our Promethean temerity in other fields of science. And secondly, the disaster gives us one more proof of the commonplace truism that Death and Calamity are impartial. These victims could always be sure of having the best—they were, as we say, first-class passengers in the journey of life and travelled in the centre of the train.

On with the Dance.—And indeed, flying being still a hobby of the wealthy, it claims its victims chiefly from the wealthy class. And if in this disaster some superstitious person sought in the life histories of the victims some proof of God's judgment, he would find in their fair records nothing at all to assist him in the task of writing another *Bridge of St. Luis Rey*. In the midst of life we are in death. That is all. Meanwhile half London Society is thrown into mourning and profoundly shocked. A new impetus was given to private flying only a week or two ago. The ease and safety of air travel were made the feature of a quite healthy commercial advertising campaign. The proprietors of private aerodromes were looking for big and bigger business this autumn. Will those hoped-for results now materialize? I can only say that the human race does not allow itself to be overawed. We drive on. We mourned the fate of Dædalus but we continued his experiments. I do not think that among youths and debutantes the flying fashion will suffer any temporary eclipse.

The Royal Garden Party.—The usual luck of the weather for once failed the Royal Garden Party. Only one gleam of sunshine illumined the scene, which in any case seemed to be less coloured than of old. Perhaps it was due to the presence of so many fur coats and of a larger cohort of black-coated and black-faced clerics than ever. The struggle for the raspberries and cream was severe, since the long refreshment tents were used by most of the guests as a permanent shelter from the showers, one of which lasted half an hour. But in spite of the rain and cold wind the Royal Family appeared in force, and from the King downwards discharged the functions of royalty as only the House of Windsor can do it. There were so far as could be discovered but two topics of conversation, the air tragedy and the Italian disaster. Small wonder if the function was robbed of some of its accustomed gaiety and light-heartedness.

The National Trust.—The annual meeting last week of the National Trust must not pass unnoticed on the eve of Bank Holiday. It is well named. Historic and rural England is its care, and its membership, instead of being 1,700, should be 17,000,000. It has acquired and equipped beautiful or historic sites estimated to be worth to-day one million pounds, yet its available income is but £300 a year. It owns tracts of Surrey Commons and Sussex Downs, Ancient Monuments, and places like Runnymede, where history has been made. All educated English men and women rejoice in and grow to depend on its activities but only one in a hundred of them put their hands in their pockets. We will spend half a day penning protests to *The Times* while bungaloid growths begin to disfigure the green backgrounds of our youthful memories. May I say that it would be more effective and quicker to write a cheque for a guinea? Why not this very day realize your responsibility as a citizen of no mean country and become one of the Nation's trustees? In a country where the Fighting Service Departments, in the choice of their practice grounds, show not the faintest respect for beauty spots or corners hallowed by tradition or historical associations, the value of organized bodies of trustees cannot be overrated. Act as one during the week-end!

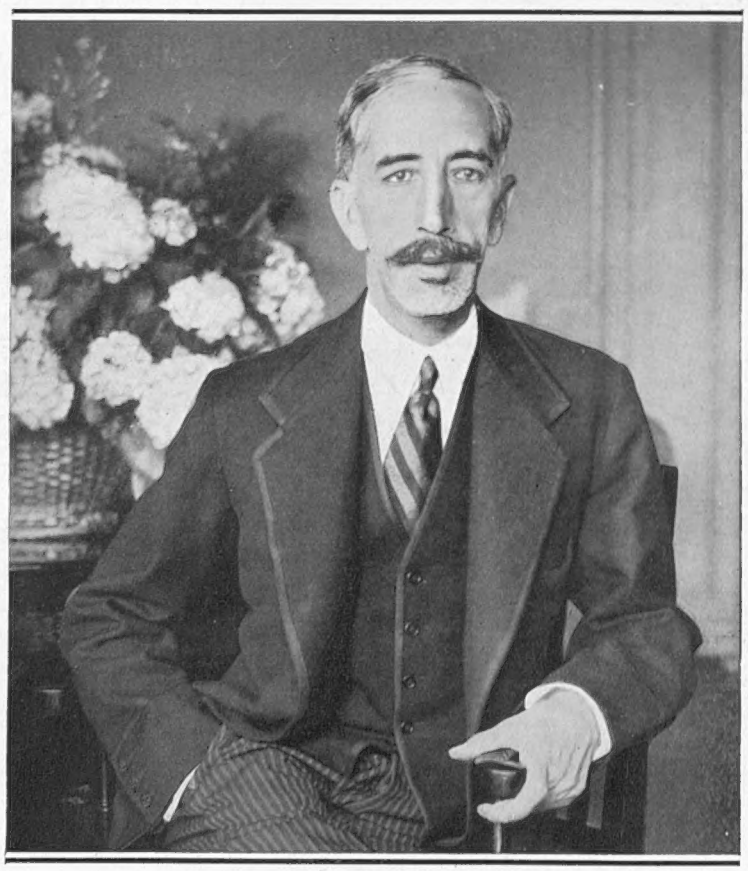
Another Victory for England.—Our July weather has had once more its last triumphant laugh over the optimists whom a whimsical burst of sunshine never fails to inebriate. The Frenchman who visits us—he seldom ventures to do so—during a snap of summer always expresses his disgust and amazement at the absence of open-air restaurants and striped awnings in Piccadilly and Leicester Square, and these last two summers restaurateurs in London have seriously considered the purchase of a few iron tables and awnings. But the inevitable July reaction set in and unfortunately coincided with the dress reformers' grand demonstration in Hyde Park. Poor Mr. Valette, the Secretary, looked and felt physically and morally blue. The few, the unhappy few, the band of brothers, with bare throats and a pair of blue legs or so, drifted disconsolately by in the teeth of a stinging sleet storm, and incorrigible London in its winter vest and stuffy trousers and strangling collar and winter overcoat hurried by on its lawful occasion, taking its customary cynical view of all cranks and reformers. And then there was that Fourth Test Match—an acid test for tens of thousands.

St. Kilda.—I, for one, shall sleep more peacefully during the stormy nights of autumn in the knowledge that the plea which I have so often urged for the evacuation of St. Kilda has been heard. What these old folk endured last winter was an experience which no civilized country in a sentimentalist age should have countenanced. There is enough misery and squalor observable among the crofters on the west coast of the mainland to justify a rigorous campaign by social reformers, though it would be waged against bitter opposition by the unhappy people concerned. But the existence of the remnant left on St. Kilda last year was worse. They lived on damp meal and cold water—too feeble even to search for sea birds' eggs—as a result of the failure of their potato crop. The conditions equalled the worst of the bad days in Ireland's history.

The Bird of Mischief.—In England also prospects are bright for shooting. It is queer to reflect that to-day, despite democracy and blood-sport cranks, shooting is a sport far more deeply rooted in the race than it was thirty years ago. It has become the sport of the middle classes, the hobby of the shopkeepers. Indeed in cities and country towns it is more or less a proof of commercial prosperity to take a gun in a syndicate, even if the preserves be only a half-dozen flat fields. Last year was a bumper year for partridges and wild pheasants, and there is every prospect that things will be as good this year. But, good or bad, the bitter experience of this summer in the kitchen garden will ensure that the legitimate bag is swelled with one form of "various," to wit, the corpses of mischievous jays.

THE OLD STAGER.

The attention of our readers is drawn to the Special Section on EAST AFRICA contributed to this issue by the Right Hon. W. ORMSBY-GORE, than whom there is no higher authority on Tanganyika, Kenya, Zanzibar, and Uganda



LONDON'S ROYAL GUEST: King Feisul of Iraq, who is visiting England as a guest of the Government. He is staying at the Hyde Park Hotel

BRIGHTER GOLF: The latest substitute for tweeds or plus fours on the links at Le Touquet

OPEN-AIR DAYS

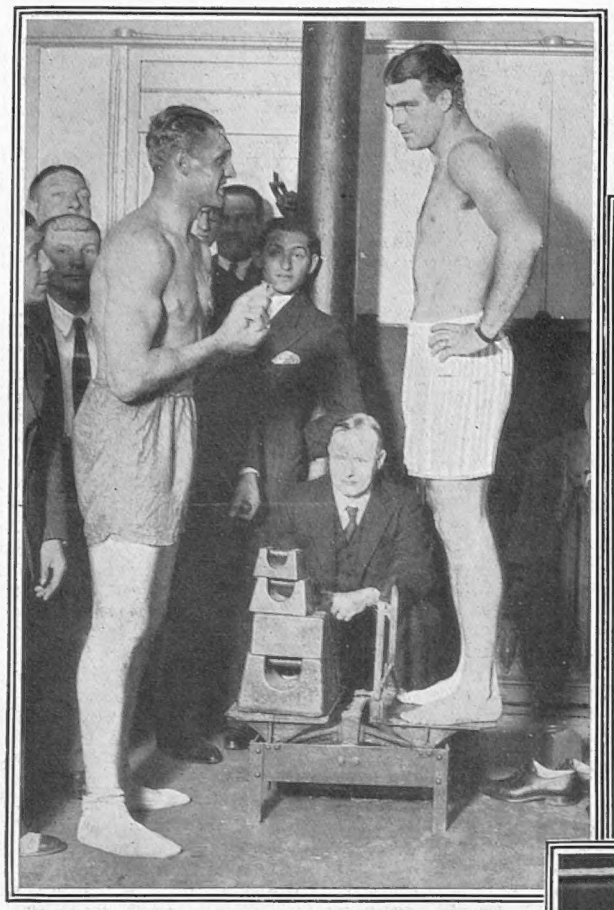
On left—WELCOMING THE BURNING KISSES OF THE SUN: A sun-bather at Juan-les-Pins, whither a large portion of Society has made its way to escape the rigours of an English July

Top left — LADIES' POLO: Even that stronghold has surrendered to feminine ambition. Above are seen the Melton team: The Hon. Mrs. E. Greenall, Mr. G. Balding, Miss Lexie Wilson, and the Hon. Mrs. Greenall at the Beaufort Hunt Tournament, Norton, Glos

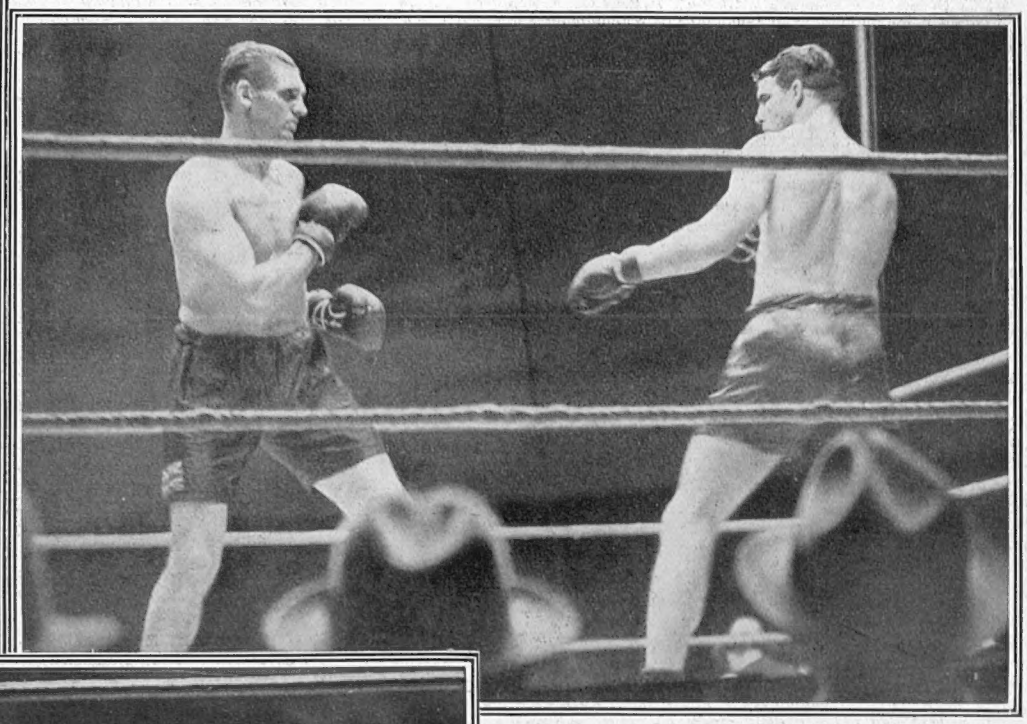
A HUMAN CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE: The parade of beautiful children which was an extremely popular feature of the Concours d'Elégance at Deauville. The diminutive entrants seem highly delighted with their brave showing

THE GREAT FIGHT FIASCO

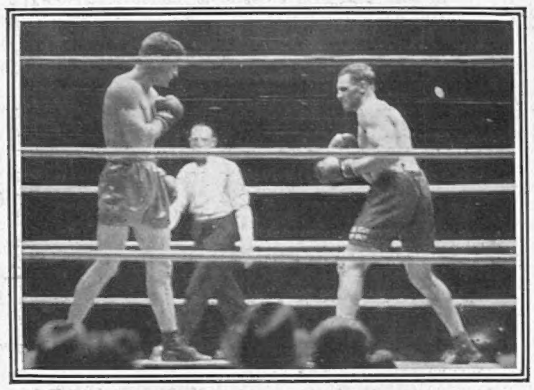
The Stribling-Scott Contest, which ended in ignominious defeat for the British "Champion" in the Wimbledon Stadium on Monday last



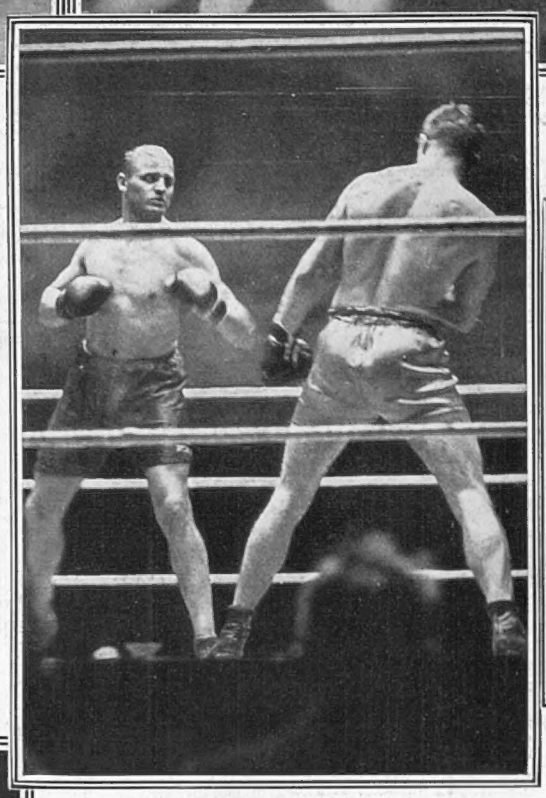
WEIGHING-IN: Phil Scott, under-trained, regards with interest the opponent, "Young" Stribling, who was to shatter him—sending him four times to the floor in one round



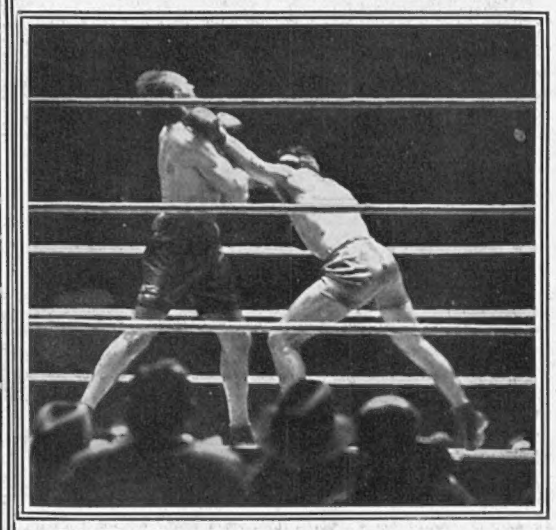
OPENING GAMBITS: The introductory sparring. Scott's fleshiness is here clearly discernible, as is his bent "long left"—his greatest weapon, which, however, he woefully mis-used



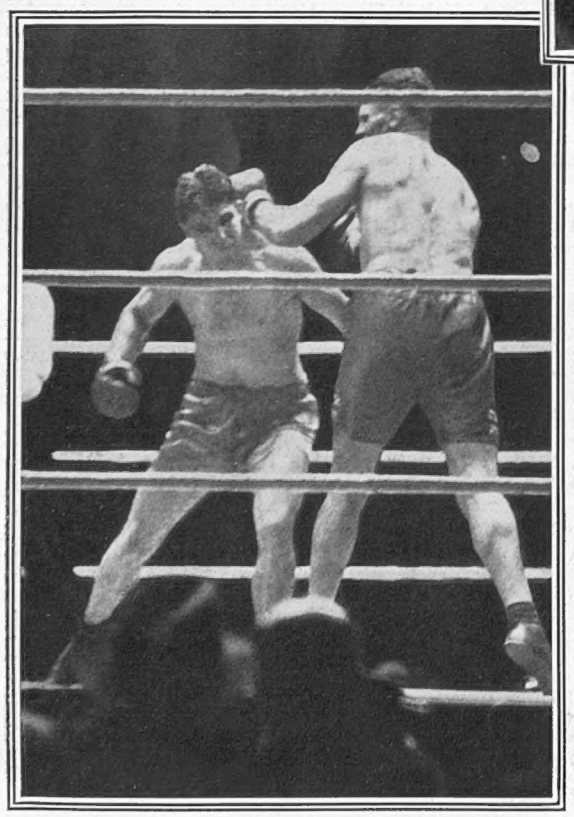
PRELIMINARY SPARRING: Scott, with tight-set jaw, was not able, despite his length of reach, to keep Stribling away from his all-too-vulnerable body



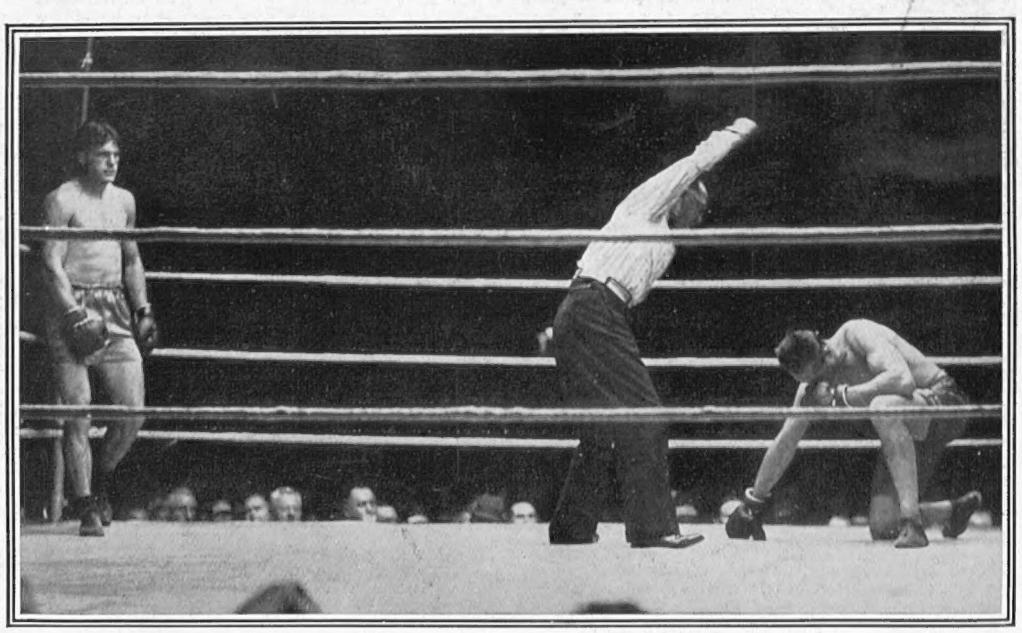
THE BEGINNING OF THE END: Scott looks apprehensively at his adversary, who defeated him largely by fierce hooks to the body and jaw



CONTACT! Stribling gets in past Scott's left and lands a fierce left to the jaw. He sent the Englishman down for two counts of 8 and two of 9 in Round 1 and finished off the massacre in Round 2. One critic referred to Scott, who was booed to his dressing-room, as a "jack-in-the-box." He was undoubtedly under-trained; his back was noticeably fat

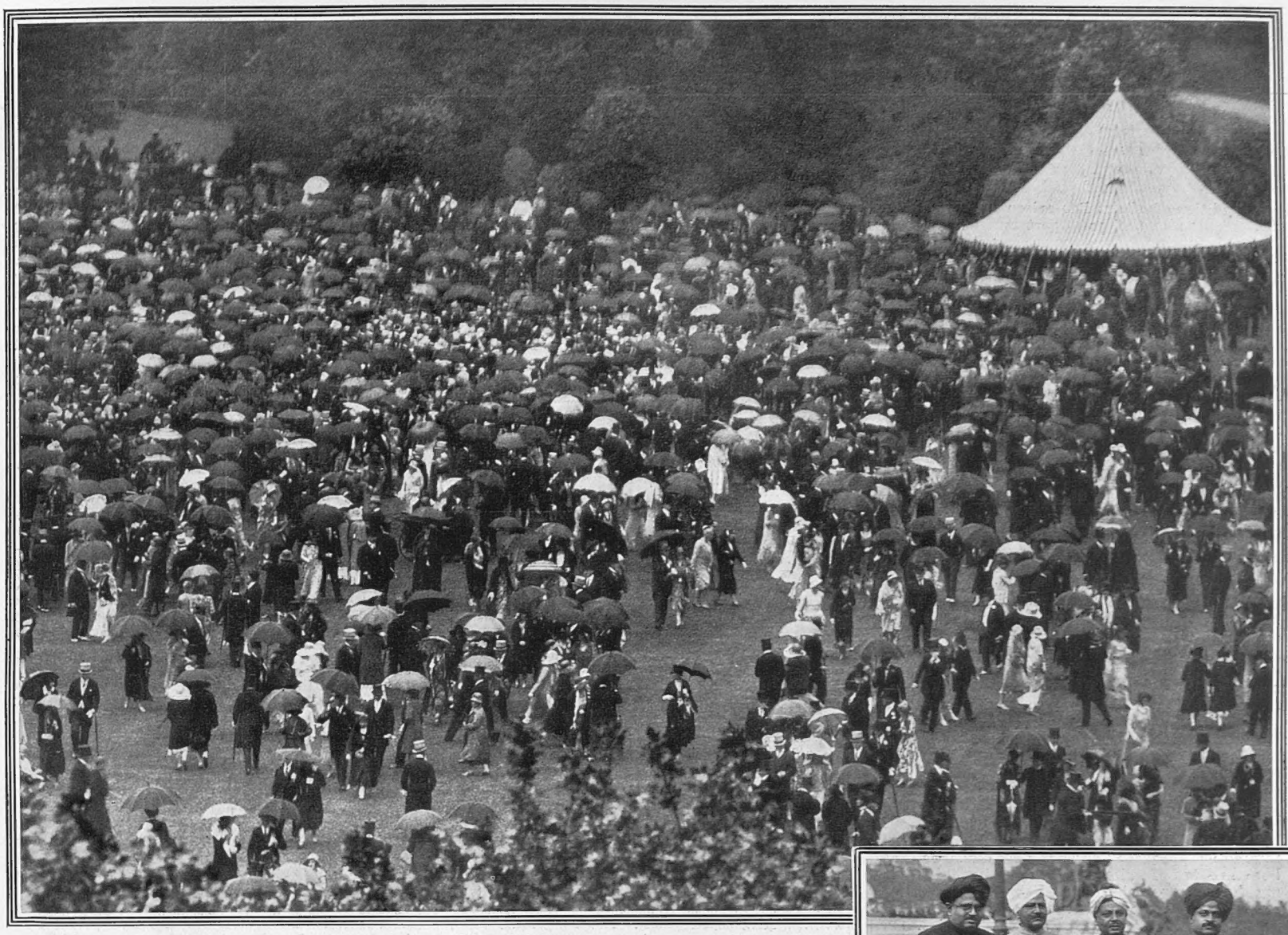


THE PUNCH THAT WON THE FIGHT: Stribling, slipping a lead, hooks hard to the body

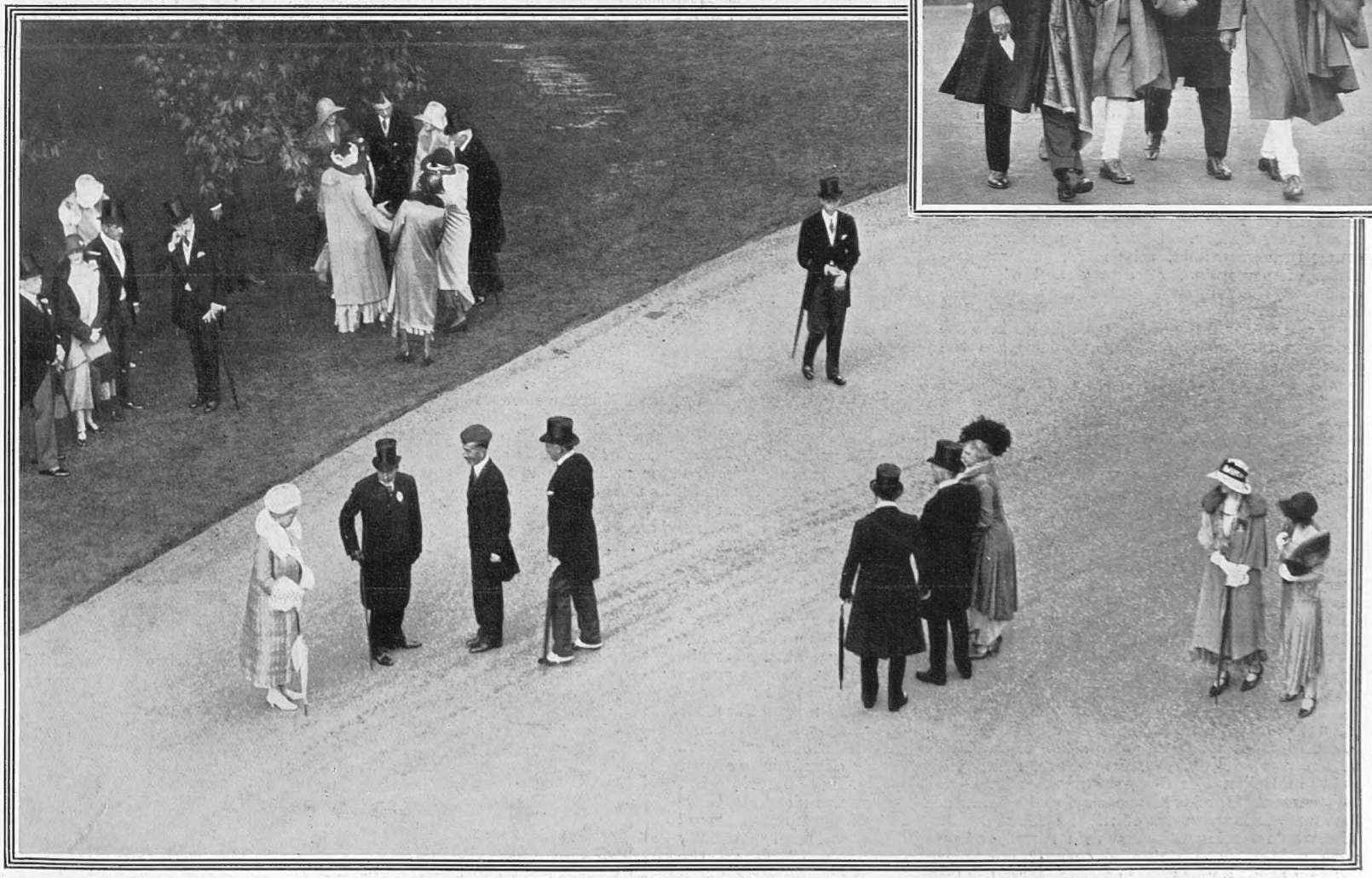


FINALE—not only to the bout on Monday, but in all probability to Scott's career in the ring. It is doubtful if he dare ever fight again

In less than two rounds British heavy-weight boxing, in the person of Phil Scott, suffered an ignominious blow to its prestige when Stribling won at Wimbledon after a massacre. Joe Beckett was so carried away he backed himself to avenge the defeat after the contest was over. Some scenes of rioting, wherein the police were helpless, were recorded by anxious would-be spectators. One wit remarked that there was a better fight at the turnstiles than in the ring!



THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY MARRED BY RAIN: An impressive overhead view of the crowded and umbrella-starred lawn of Buckingham Palace. Despite a promising break in the rainy skies in the morning the weather was showery and cold



RAIN the UNWELCOME GUEST at the ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.

ROYALTY AT THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: The King and Queen with King Feisul of Iraq. On the left the ex-King of Greece, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Prince Arthur of Connaught can be recognized. The Duke of York is moving across the path. Inset above is a quartette of the numerically strong contingent of Indian guests. During Queen Victoria's long reign the fair weather which always favoured royal functions passed into a proverb and a fine day was known as "Queen's weather." This year, however, the tradition was broken

EUROPE'S CHICAGO

An Indictment of Marseilles

By FERDINAND TUOHY

By a coincidence, this article was in the Editor's hands before the disappearance of the Acting British Consul at Marseilles was announced. This disappearance the local police attempted to explain away by a suggestion of suicide for which no jot or tittle of proof is forthcoming

A condition of affairs has arisen in recent months in the great port and city of Marseilles such as has not before been known this (or last) century in Western Europe. The city—with its satellite appendages the second largest in France, numbering well over the million—is being compelled to submit to gang crime and lawlessness of definite Chicagoan relationship. If the racketeer, supreme criminal invention of the twentieth century thus far, has not yet been signalled, it is in every way likely that he is just around the corner; and with him the automatic rifle (which is really what is met with most of the time in Chicago, the machine-gun being the customary picturesque American over-statement).

As more British pass through Marseilles each day of the year than nationals of any other land, what follows may be of special interest.

In a sentence it is now quite unsafe for foreigners to go about alone in Marseilles after dark; and on occasion even before dark. Because the peculiarity of the local banditry is that it is being chiefly directed at and against visitors, who are fallen upon and savagely attacked the moment they leave a main or well-lighted street, robbed of their possessions and their personal papers, and left lying—usually unconscious—on the pavement, to be found there in course of time by a cyclist police patrol. Seldom now does a day go by without several such outrages being recorded, and for the moment the perpetrators are, literally speaking, getting away with murder. The police, concerning some of whom there has been a suspicion of aiding and abetting by "not being there," appear to be just pedalling about more or less powerless. The mayor and municipality are tainted by "redness" or some such hue. So that here are two fundamentals reminiscent of the murder-metropolis by Lake Michigan—the police curiously impotent, and the mayor an odd personage. Another ominous parallel that has arisen locally has to do with the refusal of jurymen to serve in gunmen cases. A recent murder trial at Aix had to be postponed because eleven out of twelve jurymen gave excuses for not acting; they had all been "approached." Taxi-drivers into whose cabs pursuing police leap with revolvers also invariably develop "engine trouble" after a short distance.

The gangs of the Marseilles underworld are called "nervis." A nervi is the equivalent of the Paris apache, yet he differs from the latter by being—as his label suggests—more fleet of foot, more sudden, more "nervy." And the reason for the nerves is almost always—cocaine. Heroin and cocaine, both of which are being currently shovelled into Marseilles, chiefly from Germany—but that is a separate story—are at the bottom of the present story. Under the influence these young men grow bold, take risks, perform prodigies of perception, of attack and of flight, which in their normal states they would be incapable of. While passing through Marseilles some while back I stepped off to inquire into the Chicagoization of the town, and here are the principal explanations that were advanced in regard to gang growth: Drugs; car "borrowing"; crime teaching by film; newspaper despatches; ease of acquiring weapons; dud municipality; packed city overflowing with transients.

Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that in Marseilles to-day one gets more than a hint of the crime city of the future unless something radical is done about matters generally. For in Marseilles, be it noted, there is no question of prohibition or of bootlegging. That which, everybody admits, started off Chicago on its unexampled riot of crime—bootlegging—never arose at Marseilles, which has gone in for gang crime purely and simply in imitation and because a way has been found to circumvent consequences. And what the "nervis" are doing to-day others may well attempt to-morrow.

On the other hand it must be confessed that certain circumstances prevail in France which obtain nowhere else. For instance, a municipality in England or Germany does not hate the Government of the day like poison, indulge personal feuds towards members of it. In France, yes. The whole matter of urban rule is wrapped up with politics, and viciously so. If Monsieur Tardieu sends a new police chief to Marseilles (as he has done), the chances are that that official will get no help from the dominant mayor, who detests Tardieu-the-politician, and no less so Tardieu-the-man. In France it is thuswise with politics. Secondly, the absurd and disgraceful ease with which weapons may be acquired in France looms tragically in this story. One can buy a revolver like a piece of *charcuterie*. No licence necessary. One just enters a shop and writes down why one needs it, plus one's address and *état civile*, and often it is not even necessary to do that.

Among my one-time acquaintances was a bloodthirsty Yank whose hobby was sailing the Mediterranean with a bottle of brandy beside him in the cabin of his yacht, the walls of which were hung with grim weapons from many a land. That was his passion—collecting daggers and revolvers. . . . I can see him now taking down a razor-bladed affair and running his finger along it, and glancing up with the creepiest of grins . . . and he never failed, as it happened, to put in Marseilles in his permanent search for fresh instruments of crime. He would stroll past those hideous shops which offer revolvers in the window as if they were hats or bonbons—thereby tempting the nervi-in-embryo—and seeing something that he liked, stroll in and acquire it. It may bring a twitch to some English people, but practically every man in France to-day has his revolver, and usually carries it. "In defence." The most vicious circle has developed. And when, at the instigation of the League, some time ago an effort was made to regulate manufacture at the source, the official damper was that "makers' profits would be too much interfered with." Always the sou! Let murder be done, but let us not lose a sou!

In the third case comes the grotesque leniency of tribunals. About one in every ten French murderers is guillotined. The nervis know this, and they also know that the punishment waiting for them if they are caught on a major score is banishment to Cayenne whence escape to neighbouring Venezuela is becoming more and more workable. But, as I have indicated, currently the nervis are not even thinking of arrest. They are getting away with it nightly and sometimes twice and thrice nightly. Not long ago a celebrated Briton fell a victim; but in his case things were kept quiet because he had ventured into the Maya quarter—the prostitutes' preserve on the right of the Old Port. None but a drunken sailor goes thither now at night, for knives are flashed out at the slightest provocation and buried in the stomach.

The trouble about the new nervi situation is that one needn't go to such red-light sectors to encounter trouble. As likely as not you may be brutally assailed by the Station or the Bourse or the Post Office or in any small street leading from the teeming Canebière. The soundest tip is never to go out alone at night at all, save in the main thoroughfares, and to leave these around midnight.

It has been found that the nervis attack only single passers-by. Their mode of attack is constant. Three or four either swarm in upon a pedestrian or descend from a car on him. While one knocks the victim out with a knuckle-duster or revolver the others in a twinkling have his wallet . . . and away. The astonishing swiftness of the nervis constitutes their safest shield from arrest. These super-cats of crime can actually attack right under people's noses and escape. Perhaps five seconds may suffice for an average hold-up. And when the nervis have their chauffeur waiting, as many have, what chance, indeed, is there of coming up with them! The car is usually "borrowed" for the occasion and later found discarded in a suburb. The cyclist police have no chance at all of keeping up with the bandits; even if these were not always prepared to fire at their pursuers, which they always are.

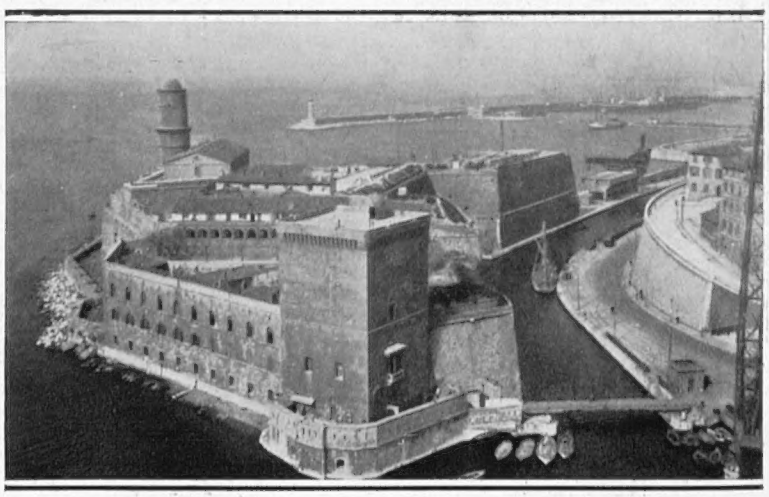
There is every indication that the nervis are being organized on a pooling basis; also that they have some sort of intelligence service working in regard to the whereabouts of the police and of the presence of likely "cases." Hotel maids are suspected in one type of case. Women naturally are used by the nervis chiefly as decoys. A foreigner who may have shown a full wallet is led down such-and-such a street, there to be fallen upon. Foreigners are the victims three times out of four, and for one or two obvious reasons. They usually go unarmed. They are apt to roam carelessly. They have money. And in the case of a foreigner the authorities are apt to forget about the affair more quickly. By foreigner is implied anybody not of the Midi. Gangs will hold up at the pistol point a Breton or a Foreign Legionary as lightly as an Englishman or a Dane.

A wise man in Marseilles nowadays, upon seeing a car cruising apparently aimlessly up and down at night and occupied by two or three young men, makes for the Canebière as fast as his steps can carry him. A wiser man gives Marseilles "the miss" entirely, although this is difficult, particularly in our own case. Ships may be late; connections ill-made. I was told that there are never less than several hundred British nationals as transients each day. Well—let them look out! They may rest assured that the nervis know all about the Eastern tan, the homecomer with money, thrilled at first contact with Europe after so many years.

For much of what has happened to make Marseilles a place to avoid, the French have only themselves to blame. For allowing in, in bulk, Hollywood crime films. For allowing the newspapers to devote columns each day to crime (Mussolini has stopped this). For selling Brownings like cheese. For grotesque trials and sentences. Other governing factors are not so easy of control. The other day nearly 3,000 lb. of heroin was found hidden away on a ship in harbour. The deluging of Western Europe by German dope is a matter which is to be taken up—and seriously—at the League this September, for there may be a little more in it than meets the eye. Again, the intensive growth of Marseilles since the War and its amazingly variegated population—all the hues of the earth and several hitherto unknown—has provided a first-rate setting for the nervis to operate in. The crush in Marseilles is appalling; every form of motor traction thunders and klaxons by interminably; trying to track a nervi is akin to the proverbial needle chase. The public, incidentally, is frankly frightened to lend a hand. Already fear of gang revenge is in the air; further Chicagoan touch. The most that residents do is to take pot-shots from windows.

To conclude: Up to now nothing has really been done basically, save in one case, to anticipate the new-style nervi of the nations who is so patently on the way, each after the special character of his land. The American "clean-up" is sheer rubbish, like holding one's finger momentarily on a jack-in-the-box. The international police authorities of both hemispheres are getting together increasingly and without a doubt they are doing much in regard to curbing the activities of the cosmopolitan crook. But that is about all so far. In Marseilles we see a state of affairs which will indubitably extend unless checked. For it pays. The nervis are on a good thing. Alone the Duce has set himself in the right track.

Meanwhile, gentlemen of the East journeying to and fro—*watch your step in Marseilles.*

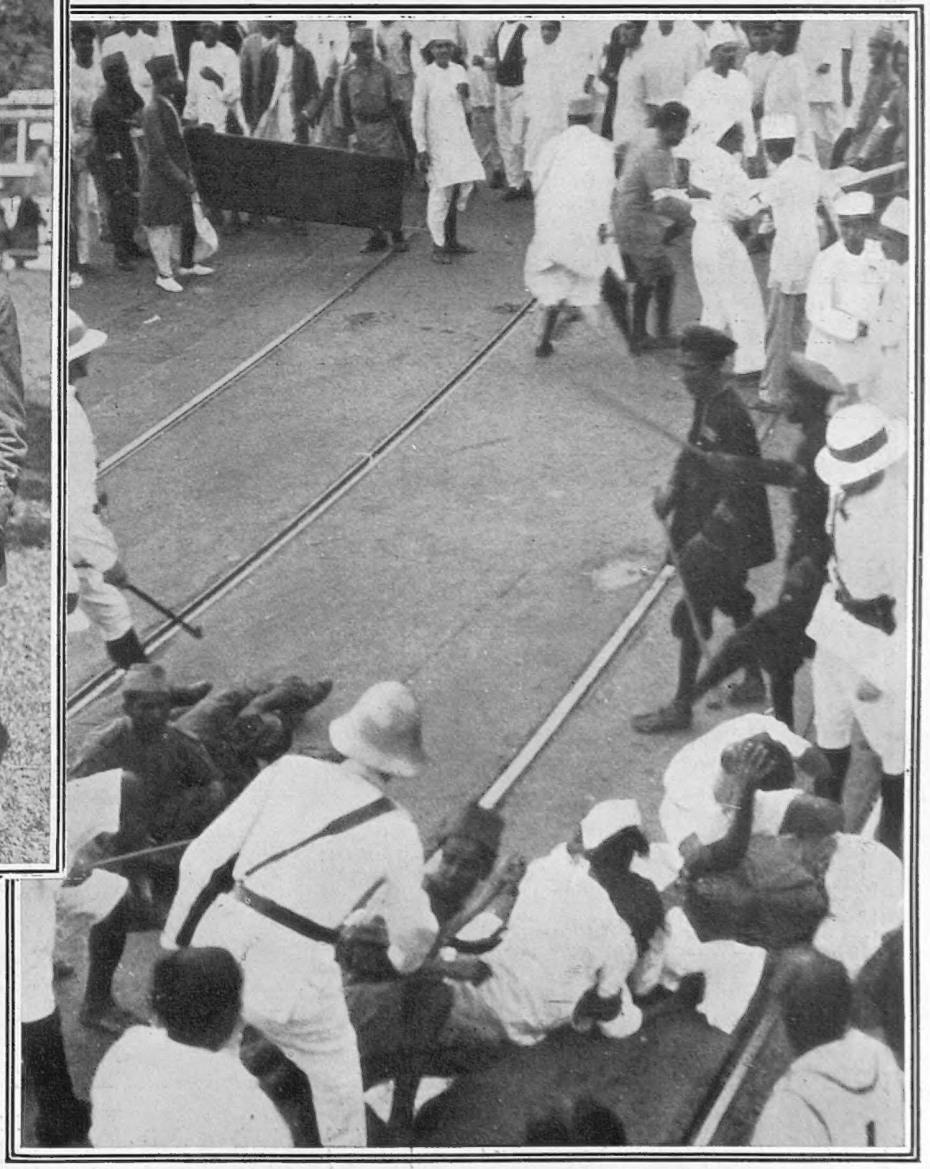


THE CHICAGO OF EUROPE—THE CITY OF THE NERVIS: The great Mediterranean port of Marseilles

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS the WORLD

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN BOMBAY: *Groups of Indian demonstrators and Swarajists sat on the tram-lines to superinduce a deadlock in the traffic. They could be dislodged only by lathi charges on the part of the police—causing a heavy casualty list*

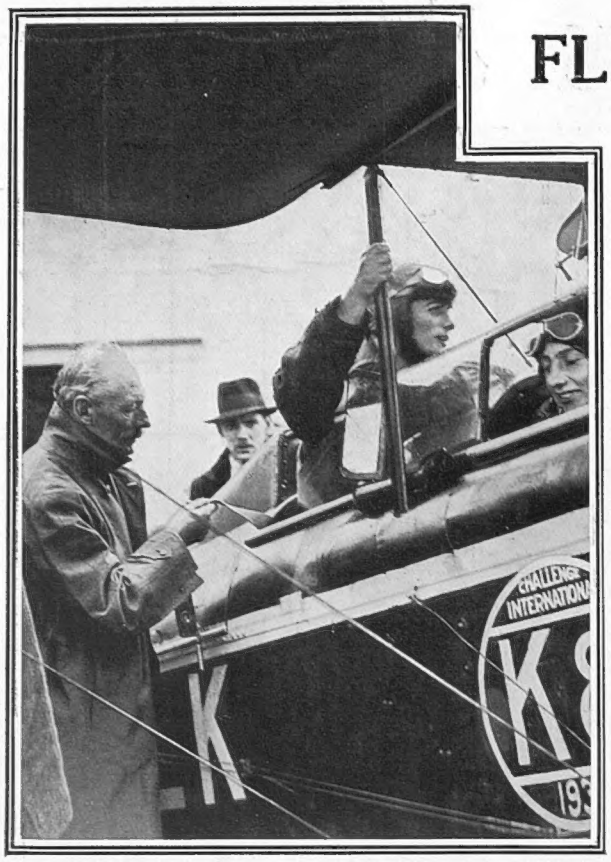
THE IDOL OF THE PEOPLE: *A proof of the popularity of President Field-Marshal Paul von Hindenburg. The oath the G.O.M. took at the end of the War—that he would not set foot in the Rhineland until every alien soldier had left it—operates no longer, and his tour through the evacuated area has been a triumphal procession. The fete day in Coblenz was rather a Fate day; a foot-bridge over the Moselle at Ehrenbreitstein, thronged with enthusiastic spectators of the illuminations, collapsed, with a death-roll of nearly forty*



THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY—*and not only the voice—was required to induce the Swarajist demonstrators to abandon their positions on the tram-lines*

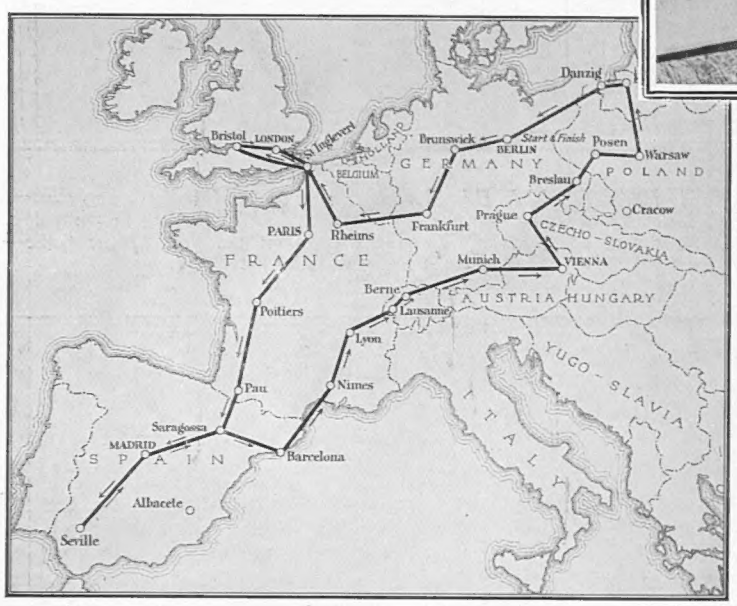
FLIGHT EVENTS

Complete Triumph of English Machines

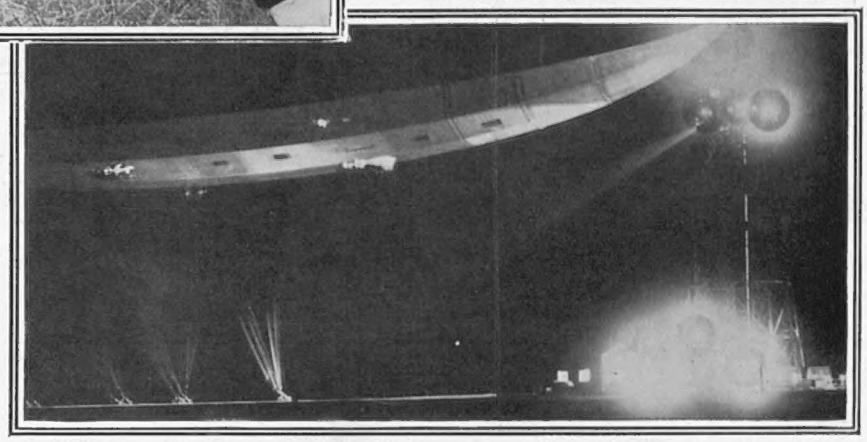


FEMININITY TRIUMPHANT: Miss Winifred Spooner and her passenger. Mr. A. S. Butler and Captain the Hon. F. C. Guest at Heston during the European Air Contest

MAN AND MACHINE RE-FUEL: A scene in the great European Air Contest. *On left*—Mr. A. S. Butler, who was forced down at Posen with a broken propeller but came in first



THE ROUTE: The start was made at Berlin and ran through Britain to Seville. A return along the route was made to Saragossa, whence the competitors struck east to Posen and finished at Berlin



CANADA BOUND: *R 100* on the eve of her departure from the mooring-mast at Cardington. She left at 3.45 a.m. Tuesday. 7 a.m. Chester, 7.30 Liverpool, 9.00 Isle of Man, 10.34 Mull of Kintyre, 11.45 Rathlin I., 12.00 Oversay I.

REMOVING THE METAL WINGS FROM MEOPHAM

The best evidence at Meopham seems to indicate that there was firstly some sort of bursting open of the 'plane, after which she rolled over and then finally the wing broke off and she crashed to earth

CHALLENGING THE ATLANTIC: Herr Hirth and Herr Weller, who hope to reach Chicago *via* Greenland, Iceland, the Orkneys, and the Canadian coast, seen on their arrival at Croydon

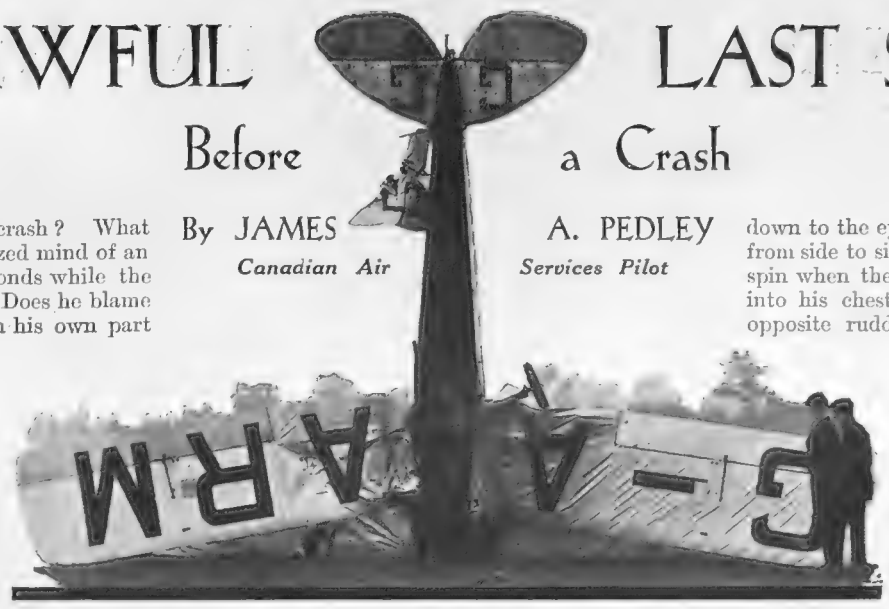
There are two outstanding facts about the International Touring Competition, or the *Challenge de Tourisme International* of the *Europa Rundflug*, whichever you like to call it. The first is that whatever may be the result of the final marking on individual technical points—such as brakes, and cabins, and things—British light aeroplanes and British light engines have proved themselves definitely to be superior to anything else in the world. Six British aeroplanes started. All six finished in the first dozen of the sixty starters. And three of them finished neck and neck in front of all the rest. Of the other three two were quite old machines piloted by women—one by Lady Bailey, and the other by Miss Spooner—and Miss Spooner carried as passenger Mrs. Alan Butler instead of a trained mechanic, so that the two of them had far more work to do than could reasonably be expected of women. The sixth British machine had some trouble in the early part of the contest, but made up lost time quite well.

The other outstanding feature is the fact that all the light aeroplanes which finished flew over country and through weather which no ordinary aeroplane should be asked to face. For example, nobody flying from Paris to Madrid would ever think of going direct from Pau to Saragossa. The usual course is from Paris to Bordeaux, from Bordeaux to Santander, and thence over the Spanish spur of the Pyrenees and over fairly civilized country with railways and roads to Madrid. The course for the light aeroplanes was laid from Pau over the main *massif* of the mountains, and thence across about ninety miles of absolute desert to Saragossa, so strewn with rocks that a safe landing is almost impossible. Another very bad stretch was from Barcelona to Nîmes where the direct compass-course took the competitors over the sea for about a hundred miles. The French Government very kindly had patrol boats over the course, and one of the German competitors who was forced down by engine failure was in fact rescued by a passing ship. But this course was altogether an unfair test of the pilots' nerves, without in the least proving anything about the airworthiness of their aeroplanes or engines. Over Central Europe between Munich and Warsaw, where good weather might have been expected, the competitors struck about the worst part of the trip. The clouds were down on to the tops of the forests and, as one competitor said, he felt his way by the touch of his wheels on the tree-tops.

THOSE AWFUL LAST SECONDS

Before a Crash

By JAMES A. PEDLEY
Canadian Air Services Pilot



The machine lifts a mournful tail into the air . . .

What does it feel like to crash? What passes through the agonized mind of an aeroplane pilot during those seconds while the 'plane is falling out of the air? Does he blame himself for some careless action on his own part or visualize in all its horrid detail the crash picture of which he is soon to be the central figure, or does he think with tear-dimmed eye in those closing moments of home and mother and roses round the door?

These are questions which rarely find an answer. They who crash and survive rarely love to dwell on their exploit. It is a memory which the scarred aviator would be glad to part with for ever. And those of us who have not crashed can contribute little to the discussion. My flying history has included many bad landings—a few which nudge right up close to the world's record for sloppy, wing-down, wheel-hopping atrocities. But no crashes. Yet I came close to it once. And in that emergency I did none of the things so meticulously set out above. I just kept trying. Probably that is why I am here to write this to-day.

I was directly over the circle on the aerodrome, coming down from 4,000 to 5,000 feet. My altimeter showed 2,200 feet. I threw the Moth 'plane into a spin, intending to let her go round three times, so as to lose 600 or 700 feet.

Remember, I wasn't stunting. Beginners at aviation are always expected to spin the 'plane frequently so as to be familiar with the sensation. The best of aviators will accidentally get into a spin now and then—especially in flying blind. Lindbergh, they say, spun more than once while flying the Atlantic. He is still alive to tell it because he knows how to get out of a spin. I thought I did too.

It's easy to throw a Moth 'plane over. You cut the engine, ease back on the stick a bit to point her nose up, and watch the needle on the air-speed register move gradually downwards from 70. When it reaches 40—40 miles per hour in the air—she's pretty near ready. At the last moment, just as the nose begins to drop, throw the stick hard into your left thigh and kick on strong left rudder. The 'plane heaves over to the left as the nose falls, and you're into it.

Spinning is not Unpleasant

There's a feeling about spinning that's not altogether disagreeable. Centrifugal force holds you tight in your seat; the soles of your boots cling fast to the rudder-bar—you seem for a moment to be built right into the machine. Far away below the earth is revolving like a gramophone record, but not fast enough to keep you from picking out any object that interests you as it flicks by. There is the enchantment of silence, for your motor is throttled down, and the rush of air past the wings is not so much a sound as a feeling.

There is a throb to spinning, too; I do not understand why. But the top-like movement of the 'plane, settling down engine first with its huge wing spread, is not even and continuous like the rotation of a child's top. There is a pause at the end of each complete revolution. You imagine it. You can count the number of spins by the feel alone. As I said, it's not unpleasant. I counted my third spin and then started to bring her out. I centralized the stick, gave right rudder till the circular movement ceased, then eased gently back on the stick to bring her nose up to the horizon.

The nose wouldn't come up!

I pulled the stick right into my stomach, but nothing happened. My eyes told me that I had stopped spinning. Along the nose of the 'plane I could see mother earth. She didn't look so far off now. I was diving straight for her, and couldn't pull myself out of the dive. Immediately I pushed forward the stick and tried easing it back once more. Nothing happened. Physically, the feel of the stick was the same as usual, but psychologically there was the same let-down that you feel when you give an awful yank to a door-handle to open a stiff door, and the handle comes off leaving the door unmoved.

And mother earth was still nearer by this time. One of these machines loses, I should judge, between 40 and 60 feet a second while in a spin. Already I must have lost more than a thousand of my original 2,200 feet. Yet the odd thing about it was the absence of any sense of impending calamity. I was worried. But I was not desperate.

Once more I thrust the stick forward, this time as far forward as it would go. To do so I bent my body forward a bit. My left hand may have been on the throttle—I do not know. For an awful second I held the stick down, then gradually pulled her back. Like the edge of a black fence that you raise your eyes to look over, the horizon came down into my range of vision. I was level. And my throttle wide open. I must have done that instinctively.

First thing, I looked at my altimeter. The needle read 400 ft. Then only I realized how close a shave I had had. I started to sing. With my free left hand I felt my legs and body, making sure I was still alive and whole. It was a great moment. I circled the field and then landed. In a moment there were half-a-dozen of the boys around me, talking excitedly. One fellow said he was glad I'd got out of it all right. I'll always remember that kind word, although I don't know who spoke it. The remarks of everyone else were sulphurous. One or two thought I'd done the thing for a joke; the rest put it down to natural stupidity.

I didn't care much. Every minute or so, while the post-mortem went on, I'd pinch my leg, quite content to realize that I was still numbered among the survivors.

Eyes Continue to Oscillate

On the ground I learned more about my adventure than I had known before. And a question was set up in my own mind that is not entirely solved yet, although a recent analysis published over the signature of Lieutenant C. B. Harper of the United States Navy, presents a theory that seems to fit the case.

As spinning enters into a great many air crashes, and as this question bears directly on "spin physiology," I will propound it here.

"What were you trying to do? First you spun to the left—that was what you wanted to do. Then, instead of coming out, you went right over and got into a right spin; then you got out of that and spun again to the left before you finally came out of it."

That was what the boys were saying. And it set me thinking, because the evidence of my eyes was that after getting out of that first spin to the left I hadn't done anything but dive straight forward until I brought her out. My eyes had not recorded any revolving movement of the earth in the later stages. Nor had I been conscious of the "throb" which, as I said before, accompanies spinning and enables you to count the spins even without looking at an object on the ground. Yet, as I remembered, there had been no sensation of diving. The earth had come towards me at thirty or forty miles an hour, not at eighty or ninety as it would have in a steep dive. Undoubtedly the boys were right—I had spun all the way down. In that case, what was the matter with my eyes?

Here is Lieutenant Harper's explanation.

"Why a spin is so dangerous is easily told. The inner ear is affected, the water-like liquid which it contains is set in motion, nerve impulses are transmitted to the brain, and from there down to the eyes, and the eyes begin to oscillate from side to side. The pilot, realizing he is in a spin when the stick tries to force its way back into his chest, shoves it forward and applies opposite rudder to bring his craft out, but having done so his eyes continue to oscillate until they make him believe he is still in the spin, with the result that he keeps on holding the stick forward and the rudder over until the 'plane goes into a second and opposite spin."

Whatever happened to the fluid in my inner ear, it was pretty near the death of me. And I believe that I was saved by leaning bodily forward that last time I pushed the stick from me. For if, as seems likely, I was unconsciously putting on rudder (and thus causing the spin to continue in the reverse direction) all the time when I thought I was driving the 'plane with rudder centralized, then the very action of leaning my body forward from the hips would correct the position of my feet and permit the straight dive which alone could save the situation. I went up and spun the 'plane again the next day, and have done so many times since. When you go in and then come out the right way you wonder how anybody can have any trouble with it. But they do. And I suppose they will until perfected mechanical devices such as the "wing slots," with which many light 'planes are now equipped, make spinning impossible. The spin is not the only pitfall in flying. But no other is quite so treacherous. The solo student who is anxious to make good in a commercial way deliberately tests his spinning ability. But the trained pilot avoids spinning as he would the plague. You may travel for hundreds of thousands of miles on the world's great airways, and you will never know what it is to spin if the pilot can help it.

How, then, do spins occur when they are not voluntarily produced by manipulation of the controls? Very simply. Point the nose up, lose flying speed, stall, try to keep the nose up—almost any 'plane will spin. If this occurs within a hundred or two hundred feet of the ground it takes a quick pilot and a lot of luck to save the 'plane.

Losing a Wheel

A spectacle that occasions great excitement (not unmixed with joy) on the field is the predicament of the pilot who has "wiped off" a portion of his landing-gear. It is truly remarkable how much rough usage an axle and a set of wheels or floats will stand. The novice pilots crack their 'planes down hard, wrench them around, zig-zag them in taking off. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred no harm is done.

Occasionally, however, the strongest landing gear is subjected to such overstress that it fails.

Sometimes a wheel is wrenched off. What happens? Many machines are so built that the pilot cannot see his landing-gear. When a pilot lands a 'plane without knowing a wheel is off the result is a question of luck.

Under any circumstances, there is no fun about landing a 'plane minus one wheel. It is particularly shocking to do so when the pilot has not noticed his lack of a wheel until the moment of the crash. And as landings are usually made at aerodromes, and every aerodrome has its complement of loungers who make a point of watching each arrival with critical eyes, the lack of a wheel is sometimes noticed while steps can still be taken to minimize the damage.

"Wheel off!"

The cry goes up. Men run to and fro waving their arms, warning the pilot of the approaching machine not to land. If he is wise he will heed the warning. He will cruise about in circles and try to interpret the signals of the pygmies below. He will see them pointing to the wheel of a 'plane on the ground or holding up spare wheels snatched from the hangar, or arranging tapes on the ground to spell a message. If there is a 'plane warmed up, someone will take off, and the passenger will carry a spare wheel, not with the idea of effecting a repair during flight (we have not got that far advanced yet), but to make sure the unfortunate pilot knows what he is in for.

(Continued on p. 244)

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY on WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

RUSSIA IN ROME: Prince Wolkonski, the gorgeously apparelled figure with a staff, ordaining new bishops of the Russian Church at the Basilica of St. Clement in Rome

"UNDER WHICH KING?"—With America or with Europe?

Slowly but surely, unless there is a change in the trend of developments, the day is nearing when Britain will be confronted with this question. The Briand Memorandum on the formation of an Economic United States of Europe is but the prelude.

The idealistic aim of the League of Nations to bring all the Nations of the Earth to Geneva and prevent "grouping" of Powers may already be considered as having failed. Some of the nations most important to that scheme — America, Russia, Brazil, Mexico, Turkey— would not come.

The world now threatens to fall into four or five main groups of countries, in the formation of which, pressure of economic necessity, self-preservation, similar interests, political gravity, racial affinity, even antipathy, promise to be decisive factors. The rough outline of these groups is vaguely becoming visible.

The British Empire Crusade to make of the Empire an economic unit is but one aspect of this "grouping" of like interests. Briand's U.S.E., with the exclusion of Russia, is the second. America with its Monroe Doctrine in South America, its Protectorate over Cuba, its unwritten guardianship over Mexico, its Hawaiian and Philippine possessions, is the third, Russia, China, and Japan a possible fourth.

The American group is already a far developed united economic unit of tremendous political and financial strength.

Politically already a unit of power, there should be no insurmountable obstacles in the way of making of the British Empire an economic unit for mutual benefit. Briand's scheme for a U.S.E. confronts many obstacles in its way which will first have to be levelled, many difficulties to be overcome. France wants to hold what she has, and fears attempts to take from her. Italy wants more than she has, and Mussolini is determined to get it. Germany wants the return of the Polish Corridor, that impossible menace to peace, cutting through German territory, a colony and a scaling down of the Reparation burden. Poland still dreams of greater grandeur. Austria demands the solution of the riddle of her future fate. Hungary will not in a hundred years give up the justified demand for the return of some of her people and territory so crudely and cruelly torn from her.

But grim necessity can surmount great barriers.

The Russia, China, and Japan grouping is still vague, as vague as its possibilities are great and its potentialities immeasurable.

Racial affinity, political, and cultural ideals, throw the British Empire group closest to America. Clash of economic interest growing out of competition for trade can certainly be arranged between America and Britain. It is noteworthy that the American Press has shown a sympathetic understanding of Britain's difficulties in India and Egypt that has not always marked American editorial comment towards us.

For no country in Europe is it so difficult to answer the Briand U.S.E. Memorandum frankly, honestly, and sincerely as it is for England.

In the last analysis it means "America or Europe."

TURKS AND KURDS.—With Great Britain's problems in Egypt and India holding the world-stage of active revolution and rebellion, the recent fresh outbreak of Turkey's ever-present Kurdish problem passes almost unnoticed. Yet it is another very definite expression of the "self-determination of peoples" theory, even of East *versus* West. Conservative, orthodox, Sunnite Moslem Kurd *versus* Westernized Turk.

Modern history of the Kurdish people since the Treaty of Amity and Alliance between Sultan Selim I of Turkey and twenty-three Kurdish States in 1514 has been a tale of increasing suspicion and mistrust. The Kurds claim that they faithfully fulfilled their treaty obligations to Turkey, who in turn, the Kurds allege, seized the Kurdish States to make of them Turkish provinces. By the middle of the nineteenth century Abd-ul-Medjid had annexed to his dominion almost all of the Kurdish lands, allowing the tribal chiefs nominal autonomy. When Emir Bedr Khan, grandfather of the present Emir, succumbed to the treachery of his cousin the last remaining seat of Kurdish independence fell to the Turks. Since then they have been a leaderless minority, suffering the fate of all minorities and claiming that they have appealed in vain to the Powers, are once again gallantly but ineffectively taking the matter into their own armed hands.

A couple of years ago I travelled across the Atlantic by steamer with Emir Sureya Bedr Khan, Kurdish Nationalist, descendant of Halid ibn Valid, at whose hands the Prophet Muhammad suffered his only defeat. For thirteen centuries the forbears of Emir Sureya ruled the Kurdish State of El-Djezireh. Proudly the Emir told me that Saladin, Emperor of Eyoubi, adversary of Richard Cœur de Lion, was a Kurd. Resentfully he pointed out that "that rich booty the Mosul oil-field" was a national inheritance of the Kurdish people. At the same time indicated that the Treaty of Sèvres, 1920, provided for a Kurdish State which has not yet materialized.

Bedr Khan travels and works unflaggingly as the representative of the "Hoyboon" Kurdish National Council, which in October, 1927, proclaimed the independence of Kurdistan as laid down in the Treaty of Sèvres, designating Kurd Ava, at Egri Dagh, as the provisional capital. By resolution they expressed their friendly sentiments for Persia, Armenia, Iraq, and Syria, and their determination to wage relentless war against the Turks—until they had abandoned, in perpetuity, the Kurdish soil now under their grip.

"The War between Turk and Kurd is going on, and will go on, until the objective of the Kurd has been attained," Emir Sureya declared.

Whether or not that "threat" means anything to Kemal Pasha, the Ghazi "Conqueror"—the Kurds who escaped from Turkey after Sheikh Said's 1925 rebellion to plot and intrigue abroad, have certainly succeeded in constituting themselves a thorn in the side of the Turkish Dictator, and almost menacing Turkey's relations with Persia.

KING CAROL AT MASS: King Carol of Roumania leaving the cathedral of Curteau de Argos in Bucharest, where he and Princess Helen attended a Requiem Mass for the late King Ferdinand

AMERICA IS MORE POLITE.—British women are not the political equals of British men.

That, in effect, was the weighty decision of the House of Lords when it voted against the eligibility of women to sit with British Peers.

The American Congress decided that American women ARE politically the equals of American men, and gave women the right to be elected to the Senate. There are women Senators in Washington.

Are British women politically and intellectually inferior to American women, or are British Peers in the House of Lords superior in both, to American Senators in the American Senate? It is a logical question.

The American Senate, more powerful in the United States than is the House of Lords in England, does not consider that its importance is lessened, its dignity lowered by the presence of a woman Senator. Our House of Peers finds it incompatible with something or other—most likely its own estimate of its own importance—that a peeress should be a member of that House.

It illustrates the difference between the attitude towards women in England and the attitude of the American man towards women in America. What is responsible for these two diverse attitudes? Is it the inferiority of the British women, as viewed by the Englishman? Or is it the broader outlook, the greater chivalry towards women, and greater appreciation on the part of the American man of the co-operation of women in every walk of life? Or is it a higher sense of justice and fairness?

One of the last acts of the regular session of the American Congress, recently closed, was to amend the so-called Cable Law, thereby perfecting the independent nationality rights of American women. By this amendment of the law, American women are given the same rights as enjoyed by men—to marry any foreigner without losing their American citizenship. It repeals the provision, that an American wife of an alien, residing two years in her husband's country, is presumed not to be an American citizen. It restores to American wives of aliens their American citizenship lost by marriage prior to 1922. It asserts the principle of equal citizenship rights for men and women.

To no country are equal nationality rights for men and women more important than for Great Britain, where there are almost two million more women than men.

EARTHQUAKES EAST AND WEST

Death and Destruction in Italy, Spain, and Burma

CHURCH AND STATE: President von Hindenburg on his tour of Germany meets the Prelate, Dr. Ludwig Sebastian, in the church at Speyer

A FEAST AFTER VICTORY: Some of the feasters at a great festival at Beersheba, organized by the Palestine Government to celebrate the successful close of the great locust campaign

PRAISE FOR THE VICTORS: Sheikhs listening to appreciative words from the British Government representative about their hard and victorious campaign against the plague of locusts

EARTHQUAKES EVERYWHERE: Italy, which suffered so severely last week, is not the only country subject to earthquakes. Above are seen the remains of the great pagoda of Pegu, in Burma, 324 ft. high, destroyed by earthquake and fire; and the picture on the left shows the damage done by an earthquake to Montilla in Central Spain

"Peace hath her victories . . ." And only those who have seen the devastation that can be done in a few moments by a horde of hungry locusts—and locusts are always hungry—can appreciate the importance of the locust campaign. There was good reason for the celebrations illustrated on this page, and the leaders of the campaign deserved the feast and entertainment given to them by the Government. Fifty sheep were slaughtered for the former, and the latter included a cinema show—the first ever seen by most of the guests.

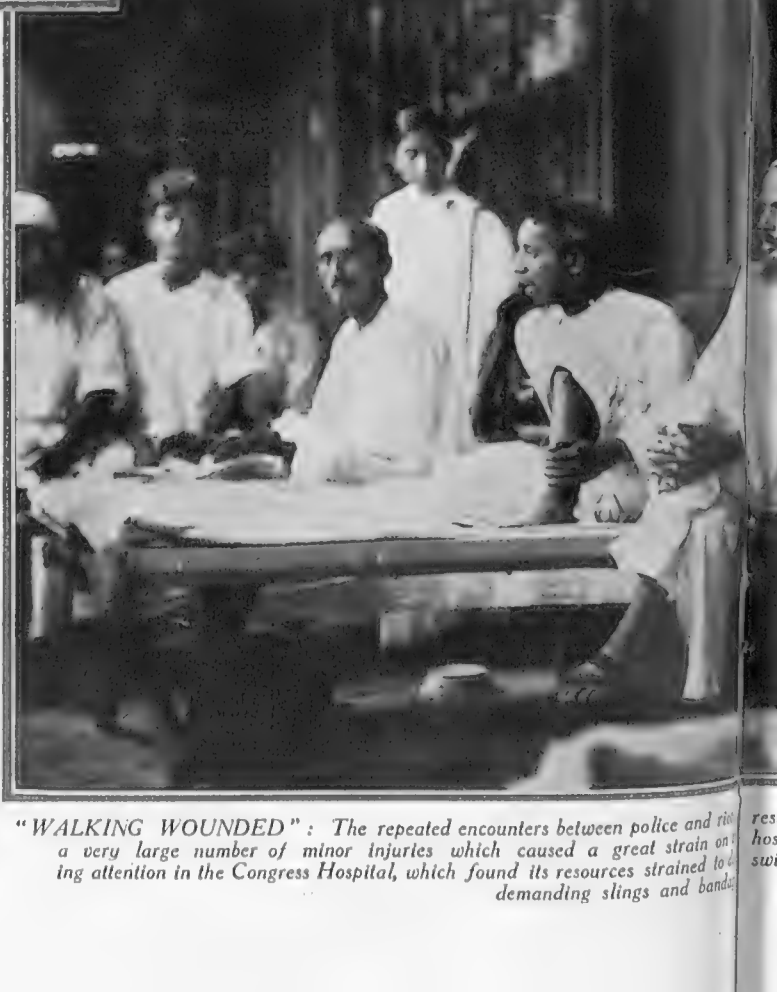
THE STATE OF INDIA

BOY BOYCOTTERS: Several people were killed in a riot in Bombay arising out of a procession of boy boycotters of British goods organized by Gandhi sympathizers. The woman on the left is one of the Lombarda tribe, who dwell in mountainous Mysore, and who love to wear all their jewellery. Her left arm is loaded with metal bangles and bells. The left nostril is also decorated

REBEL AND FANATIC: SIRDAR VALLABHB[HAI] released after a term of three months' imprisonment for disob[edience] he is seen going in a procession through th[e]

A HOSPITAL KITCHEN: "The volunteer helpers in the Congress Hospital," writes our correspondent, "are the wives and daughters of Hindu millionaires, who are ready to do the most menial work to help the wounded"

MORE WORK FOR MATRON: "The matron of the Congress Hospital, Mrs. Talwaker, is a German woman married to an Indian. During the War she was a nurse in field hospitals, and was four times decorated. She did equally good work for the wounded in these riots, which kept her very busy"

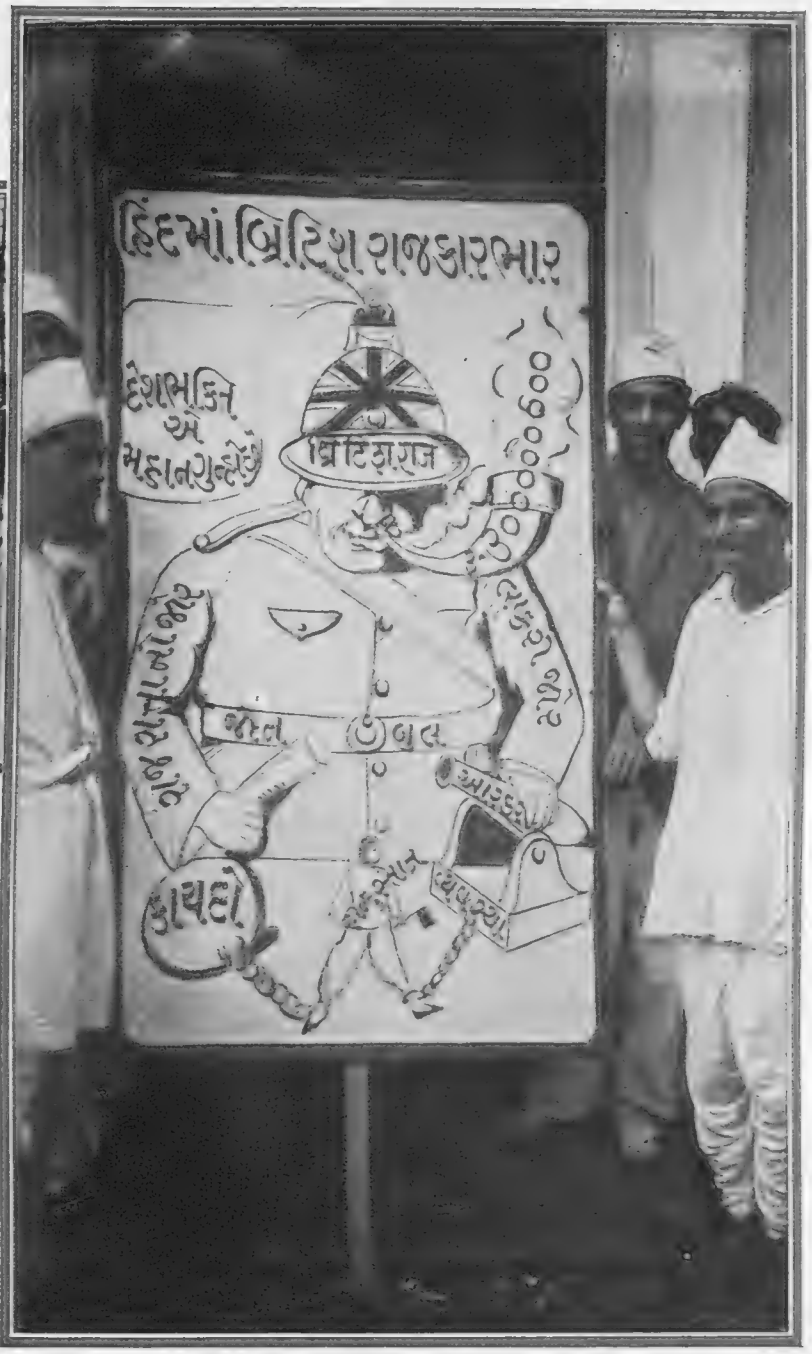


"WALKING WOUNDED": The repeated encounters between police and rio[ters] a very large number of minor injuries which caused a great strain on [the] ing attention in the Congress Hospital, which found its resources strained to [the] demanding slings and bandag[es]

(II) : Many People Killed in Bombay Riots. Another Selection of the "Sphere" Special Series of Pictures

ONE OF GANDHI'S VICTIMS. Fatal rioting also followed an attack on English department stores in Bombay, and the police had hard work, and had to give hard blows, to disperse the mob

PATEL, who was recently ing a magistrate's order. Here streets of Bombay



THIS IS JOHN BULL! This seditious caricature was captured during a parade of the Nationalists in Bombay! John Bull is shown as a Bombay policeman. The text on his helmet mean "British Government," and those on his arms stand for "Military Force" and "Law and Order."

resulted in, as well as the more serious casualties, hospitals. Here some of these cases are seen wait- swiftly with such a sudden influx of out-patients

WOMEN AMONG THE MALCONTENTS: When a mass raid was made on the Wadala (Bombay) Salt Pans, two women, Mrs. Munshi, the wife of a prominent Bombay advocate, and Mrs. Harnam Kout, were among the most persistent in trying to pass the wire fences round the salt pans, and at last were arrested. Above, Nehru is seen broadcasting an address at a students' protest meeting.

THE BLACK OLYMPIAD

THE CHAMPION: This upstanding well-proportioned figure was the champion in many of the events of the Black Olympiad of the Philippine Islands

THE TUG OF WAR: And evidently a very hard one, to judge by the attitudes of the competitors. The figure on the platform in the centre photograph above is the umpire. He has a bird's-eye view of all the events

THE MOST POPULAR EVENT: Climbing a pole for a prize of a fifty-cent-piece fastened at the top. The climbers try to overtake and pull each other down

A CLOSE FINISH: The winner of a steeplechase—one of the most popular events of the Black Olympiad. But it is also the one that gives the starter most trouble, as the eager competitors cannot restrain themselves for the word "Go!" Sometimes it is necessary to bring back the competitors and restart the race half-a-dozen times

The Black Olympiad, held in the Island of Luzon in the Philippines, under the auspices of the United States Government, has turned in the direction of sport the formerly warlike tendencies of the inhabitants. They have developed into keen sportsmen, and among them are no keener contestants than the Bontocs, a wild tribe from the mountains. They enter enthusiastically for all the events—jumping, wrestling, boxing, running—but the most popular of all is that seen in the picture above, climbing for a fifty-cent-piece fastened at the top of a tall pole. It is a case of climb as climb can, and if one competitor can pull down another so much the better for him

A VILLAGE GIVEN UP TO CHESS

At Every Spare Moment—And there Seem to be Many

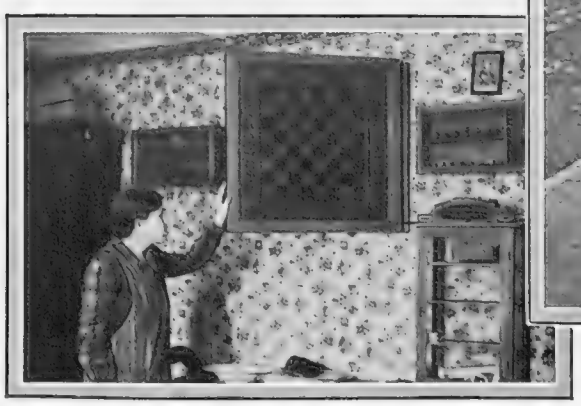
THE RULING PASSION: Carters bring out the board and chess-men during a brief respite from work, and small boys at once gather round in the hope of learning new moves

TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA: Chess is very definitely a school subject in the chess village. Chess-boards are as important as books, and in the interests of good play the schoolmaster keeps an eye on a dozen games

CHECKMATE! Youthful experts watch some masterly play and approve a clever and decisive move—which, to judge by her expression, was not foreseen by the loser

WHILE THE CAKES BURN? Even the preparation of meals must be delayed while some difficult move is tried out on the doorstep

GOING WILLINGLY TO SCHOOL: Strobeck, a tiny hamlet in the Harz Mountains of Germany, has earned for itself by its devotion to the noble and ancient game the name of "The Chess Village." Old and young indulge their passion for the game at every opportunity. Children are taught the moves almost as soon as they can speak, and go to school with chess-boards as well as lesson books, while their elders count chess more important than food and work, and will forget either when deep in the game

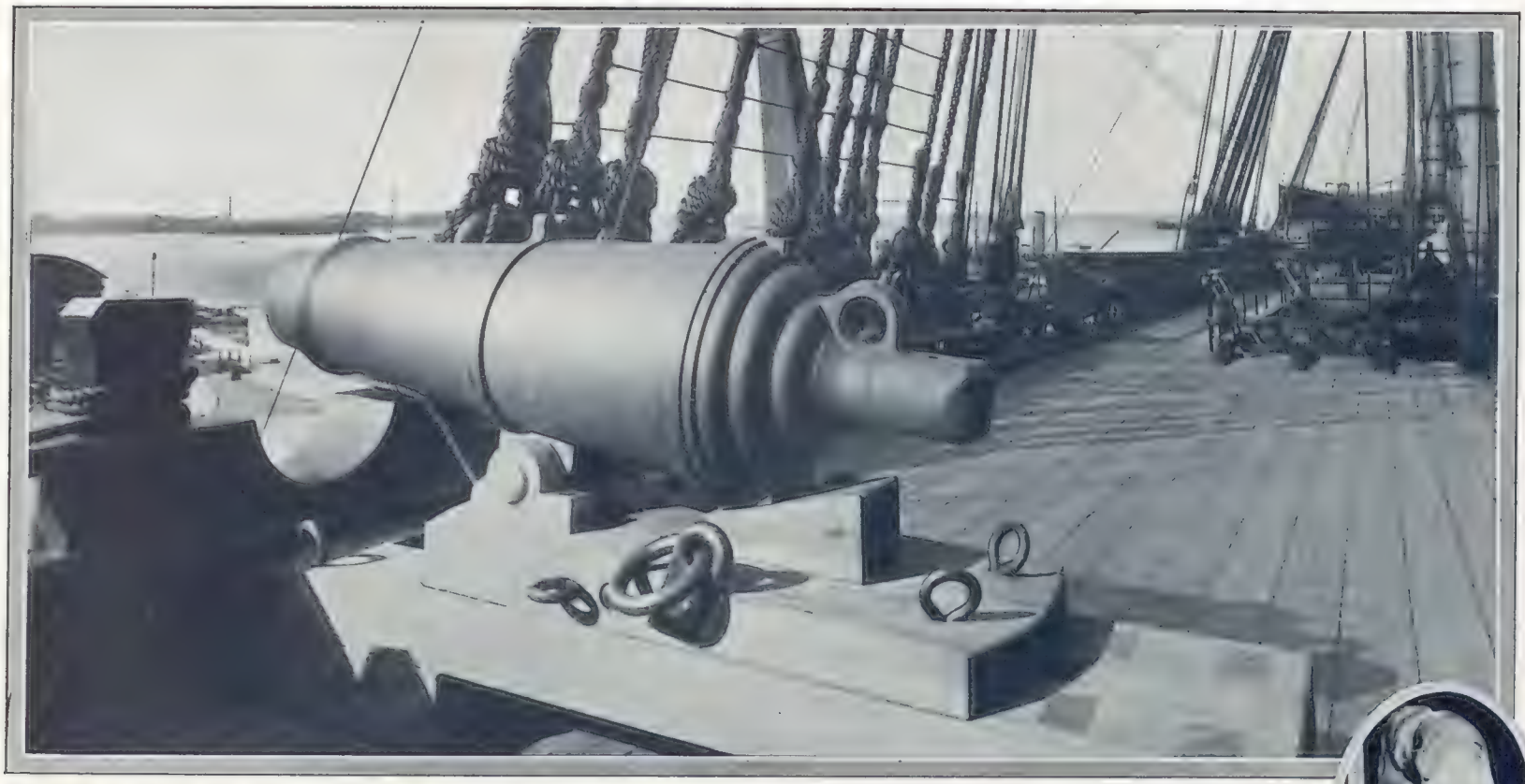


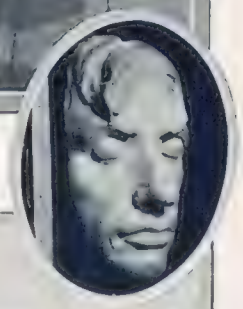
ROYAL CHESS RELICS: The board given to the village by Frederick the Great in 1651

This chess tradition goes back a long time, perhaps more than 300 years, and a chess motif can be seen in some of the ancient buildings of the little village. The village inn is called "The Chess Inn," and it can show the visitor from the outside world not only a chess-board given by Frederick the Great, but silver trophies presented by that monarch for good chess playing. With such a tradition it would not be surprising to hear that the babies cut their teeth on rooks, bishops, and pawns!

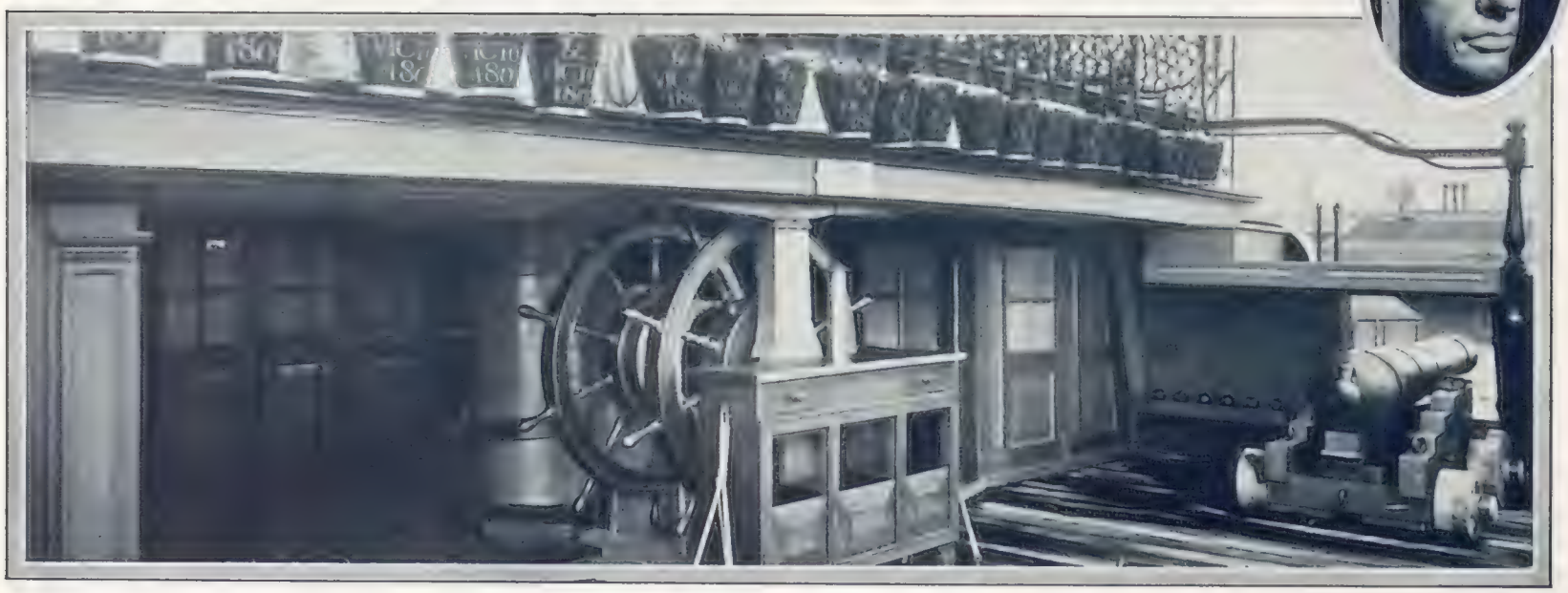
WHAT TO SEE ON NELSON'S "VICTORY"

During Navy Week, Portsmouth, August 2–9





WHAT DID IT DO ON TRAFALGAR DAY? One of the short carronade guns on the upper deck of H.M.S. "Victory." The carronade gun was used at point-blank range. The English fleet at the time of Nelson did not waste time on long-range gunnery. They left that to the French, who elevated the muzzles of their guns and succeeded—sometimes—in hitting the rigging and upper works of the enemy



ON THE POOP DECK: This deck, like the rest of the vessel, has been restored to its appearance as in Nelson's time—even to the fire buckets. And here can be seen some of the main armament of the "Victory"—guns mounted on carriages fitted with very small wheels which permitted a certain amount of recoil and enabled the guns to be hauled back to be reloaded

S. Cribb, Southsea

AS IN NELSON'S TIME: These photographs show how completely and accurately H.M.S. "Victory" has been restored to her state at the time of Trafalgar. Could there be a greater contrast than between naval armaments of to-day and the carronade gun—of no great mobility but useful for fighting at close quarters—seen in the top picture. More mobile guns can be seen in the middle picture of the poop deck. The cupboard-like affair in front of the wheel is the signal locker. Out of it came the flags which fluttered out in that famous "England expects . . ." The bottom picture shows the middle gun-deck and the capstan, ornamented in the fashion of the period. And inset on the right is the death mask of Nelson, made on the "Victory" a few hours after he had died—victorious

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NELSON'S "VICTORY" as she is to-day

This drawing shows the bow of H.M.S. "Victory" as she now lies in the ancient graving dock at Portsmouth. The beautiful carpentry of the curved "sweeps," which stretch from the blue and gold bulkhead to the figure-head with its golden crown, as restored to-day, is a beautiful sight to the eyes. The condition into which the old vessel had dropped by gradual patching and alteration is shown in the left-hand bottom corner of the drawing. The stripes of colour on the sides of the "Victory's" great hull are not white, but ochre as shown here. Instead of the windows and dummy guns, there run from bow to stern on each of the three decks, rows of real guns with gleaming muzzles protruding from real ports.

NELSON'S "VICTORY" as she is to-day

In view of the great interest and importance attaching to Navy Week at Portsmouth (August 2—9), we reprint here and on the preceding page drawings in colour of Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar as she now is after complete restoration to her former glories. The transformation of the stern has been so carried out that all the old detail has been restored and the actual original lanterns refitted. Prior to the recent work solid bulwarks existed and stove-pipes, very comfortable things no doubt, protruded through the deck. Hammocks stowed in netting take the place of the Victorian solid bulwarks. The stern chace ports remain unoccupied with guns—Nelson would not fight a retiring action.

"A WILD MAN TALKING WITH THE TONGUE OF AN ANGEL"—*An Irishman, do you think?*

CECIL ROBERTS

on the

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Confession appears to be good not only for the soul but also for authors and publishers judging from the number of autobiographies we are being given just now. I have a feeling that Mr. Beverley Nichols started the fashion by proving that one could have something to say at twenty-five. Life is such an amazing adventure to anyone with an intellectual conception of events that age is not necessary, and the very young may easily prove more interesting than the very old. Here is Mr. Liam O'Flaherty with a book called *Two Years* (Cape. 7s. 6d.). If half of it is true he can sit at home for the rest of his days and claim to have lived with variety and passion. I say "if half of it is true," not because I doubt his veracity, but I am often made to wonder how much the Celtic temperament has coloured these adventures of his.

He gives us only two years in his life, the two following his discharge from the Army in 1918. In those two years he went to a Dublin race-meeting, backed a winner, took ticket for London, asked a policeman for work, found a job in a brewery, became boots at an hotel, went into an office, drifted to the Embankment, became a stoker, went East, slept on the beach at Rio de Janeiro, had adventures in Smyrna, Canada, and America, and, in general, became utterly irresponsible. He is at great pains to have one believe he has been a bad lot, but all his adventures into disreputable places, and they are here detailed, lack viciousness. The poet dwells in the drunken sailor, tramp, hobo, and gambler. Much of the rich flavour of this book, with an ever-shifting scene from the decks of steamers to houses of ill-fame, southern ports and cities, depends upon the thorough-going personal opinions of the author. He is often wrong, perverse, and vainglorious, but he is Irish, intense, absorbing.

I could challenge him a score of times, but the book would not have the attraction it has if Mr. O'Flaherty were not a wild man talking with the tongue of an angel. He says of the Turks that their bravery in war and chivalry towards captured prisoners gives the lie to slanders on their reputation. But the fact is unchallengeable that only one-third of their prisoners survived the brutalities and horrors to which they submitted their wretched victims, and their conduct towards our men constitutes the foulest blot of the War. With Socialism and Christianity Mr. O'Flaherty is just as downright and wrong, but all this seems to matter little. The true gift of the story-teller is here; the wrestling of a poet with life in its starkest phases never fails in dramatic interest. His emotion pours forth in a spate of words, his egotism has a child-like innocence. His consciousness of his own physical beauty and power, constantly stressed, never irritates the reader.

He is a wonder boy, ready to grasp at any bright thing that catches his eye, and as ready to tire of it. "Personally, like all decent people, I think myself infinitely superior to most and equal to the best of the human race. The rest I tolerate in so far as they amuse me, are of use to me, or through necessity." That is the creed of an egoist, and yet the miracle is that Mr. O'Flaherty never loses one's sympathy. He takes you by the lapel and holds you in breathless wonder while he tells you how he saw a naked sailor up a telegraph pole in Smyrna, let a sea captain knock him down twice, courted a Russian woman in a New York tenement, and learned wisdom at a midnight coffee stall. Such is this record of two years of crowded life. It is a man's book, even while it never fails to employ a poet's prose. The folly in its 350 pages is set forth with such frankness that few will have the heart to condemn. If, as on his own showing, Mr. Liam O'Flaherty has been a very great fool, he has always been a sensitive, courageous one, caught up in wonder at the beauty of the world. Wherever he strays life has been a great adventure with men's souls and he has read them so well because he is that rare creature, the man of genius.

In her new novel Miss Douglas, as usual, has a very thin story, and yet I read on to the last page, wondering all the time why *The Day of Small Things* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) held me. There is much coming and going at the Harbour House, with the gossipy histories of the Heggies, Lady Jane, Esme, and a host of well-drawn Scots characters, but nothing startling. And then I came to realize that Miss Douglas has no need of drama. Her novels are concerned wholly with the day of the small things. She has the gift of minute observation that makes every one of her characters someone we would like to drop in to tea, trailing clouds of gossip from the village which is their home. Into what pleasant company she introduces us, where tremendous excitement is stored up in the whisper, "Father's likely to be made a knight!" Not one of these good souls answers—"How much?"

I really wish Mr. W. B. Maxwell would not do it. Here I am, touring England in search of a Tudor manor-house, with the firm idea of laying my bones there and spending a long, quiet life with my dogs and my typewriter. And then along comes Mr. Maxwell with *To What Green Altar?* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), and quite unsettles me again. Suddenly I open a window on the Promenade des Anglais and hear the sigh of the sea, and look across a mauve sunset to the lights diamonding Mont Boron, and . . . No, I wish he would not do it. True, it is only at the end of his book that he leaves us in the soft airs of Provence amid the orange and cherry trees, but to that green altar he carries his lovers at last, after the persecution of Society and ridding Andrew Lane of the wrong woman.

This is a story of regeneration on the part of a girl determined to redeem the wreck of a man when misfortune, weakness, and scandal have done their worst with him. The telling has all the skill expected of Mr. Maxwell, but it is very naughty of him, an experienced craftsman, to play on his readers the oldest of old tricks. When he has brought his couple into an inextricable mess, and the lovely farm in Provence seems likely to disappear, there is a letter, yes, a letter, Sir Jerome has died, has relented, and left a legacy of twenty-five thousand pounds to Andrew. Kisses, joy, tears, tableau.

Well, it is the hard lot of the novelist that he is not permitted to indulge in the obvious. Relations do die and leave one money, though I have never experienced it, and it is unfair to refuse to permit a novelist, in the last gasps of the final chapter, to leave legacies to desperate characters. So I salute the courage of Mr. Maxwell and forgive him for the swift decease of Sir Jerome just when the Provençal farm was about to disappear. Margaret is such a splendid character in her fight to save a man's soul that I would not resent Mr. Maxwell making her the wife of a millionaire.

A PORTRAIT OF WAGNER ON THE WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST: Dr. Woldemar Lippert's monograph on Wagner in exile tells a remarkable story of the great musician when he was compelled to flee from Saxony after the Dresden rising in 1849. The volume which has just been published by Harraps (translation by Paul England) contains a mass of new material which was discovered by the author himself, who is Keeper of the Principal Public Archives of Saxony. It shows that Wagner, although occupying an official position in the Dresden world, allowed himself to be seriously embroiled with the revolutionaries. He seems to have been a little blind as to the seriousness of his actions. A warrant was out for his arrest, as shown above, but the composer succeeded in escaping across the Saxon frontier and for many years resided in exile at Zurich and Venice. He seems to have had a very dominating impression that someone or something ought to support him so that he would be perfectly free to exercise his genius unaffected by financial worries—altogether a very illuminating book

There is enough talent and industry in the Gibbs family to give the world a good novel a week. Here comes Mr. Hamilton Gibbs, whom some will recall at Oxford as more handy with his fists than his pen, brother to Sir Philip, half-brother to Cosmo Hamilton, and uncle to Anthony, with his new novel *Chances* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Hamilton Gibbs burst upon the world with *Soundings*, which he will never be allowed to forget, since we are choked with our own successes on the part of a public that insists on the same tune being repeated. He gave warning of his gift in *Gun Fodder*, a war book, even if one had not been aware of the fiction that flows in the blood of a Gibbs.

His new story is the study of two brothers in love with the same girl—a trite enough theme, but as treated by this novelist a drama at once very human and arresting. Their school-days in Brittany, and the way they hold together through the vicissitudes of their young lives in a French school, Germany, and Oxford, and life in London, are rapidly reviewed as a prelude to the scene of the final drama on the battlefield. His men are hard and his women soft, there are no half shades, no Proustian introspections. Cold water and cold sense temper them. "The elements of the good life are to work like hell, to be as hard as nails, to keep your friends, to know what's happening outside your job, and last, but by no means least, to see that mother's all right." That was Tom's philosophy. The picture of any sound young man. This is the story of sound young men. They love intensely, live healthily, sleep hard, and when the test comes they answer to it without providing Freud with fresh studies of neurasthenia. *Chances* is a refreshing book.

Once, when I was departing for a lecture tour in America, the Poet Laureate gave me some good advice. "Put plenty of pep into it," he said. With pep the embracive American public will take you into their arms. Anæmia is a disease unknown in American life. It is equally rare in American books. If one wanted a good example of pep and full bloodedness, I know of no more characteristic book than this, *Young Man of Manhattan* by Katherine Brush (Cassell. 7s. 6d.).

Here is the young reporter fighting New York. It is a commonplace theme, the emotions of a youth out to win literary fame, thrilled by the first acceptance of a story, plunged into despair when the accepting editor loses it, consoled by the love of an enterprising young woman, with success and Ann hugged very tight in the last four lines. But I defy you to put the book down once you have been connected with the current of this Manhattan story. And how easily one gets there in U.S.A.! You wish to go to college? So did Toby, and he went—"he gave a spectacled wan young man with a dusty Public Library mind fifty dollars to take—and pass—five college examinations under the *nom d'exam* of Toby McLean; and entered in September the most glittering University in the East." Next we learn he left college the richer by several hundred dollars. Only this week a young friend at Oxford informed me that his bills. . . . Yes, one must have plenty of pep. And I feel everything in this book is true to scale. I have been waited on in a Phi Beta Delta house by millionaires' sons working their way through college, and drunk illicitly brewed beer in the cellars of fraternity houses, and yes, I put pep into it, and so I feel quite at home in this breathless book. Read it, take in the electric air of New York and know what it feels like to run up a skyscraper before breakfast. Miss Brush can write. It matters not that none of her people can think. Youth is action in U.S.A. They go to Paris to play at decadence.

If you want some solid reading with a political thesis, here is the book. I do not like political propaganda mixed up with my fiction, but there are those who like a serious motive. *S.O.S.*, by Arnold Bronnen (Secker. 7s. 6d.), presents a picture of the conflict between the Poles and the Germans in Upper Silesia, and gives the history of the unofficial war carried on in the fervour of patriotism by a body of young men determined to maintain the independence of their province. The writing is admirable, the scene set with great deliberation, and the sense of drama is never absent. The translation from the German version of this Viennese author is so good that one is never conscious of it.

This year has brought us two canal books. Mr. Herbert's *Water Gypsies* and *The Street Paved with Water* by Miss Almey St. John Adcock (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Herbert's canal was only a way to his character. In this book we are really in the canal world, on a barge on the Grand Junction Canal with Welcome Tudway. A delightful picture this, of a young girl fighting for justice, drawn with the skill and kindness that could not be missing in a daughter of St. John Adcock.

SOCIETY in TOWN and COUNTRY

Some Last Weddings and Functions of the 1930 Summer Season

PLAY UP, WET OR FINE! The weather, as may be judged from this picture, was not allowed to interfere with a fête in the grounds of Easton Lodge in aid of the Dunmow village theatre. On the left Miss Dorothy Monkman and Miss Audrey Carton, who took parts in a play written by the latter, are seen watching from under an umbrella the fun at a coco-nut shy

The famous film star, Brigette Helm *(on the left in the picture)*, caught during a rehearsal at Wembley, with her producer and her double

Miss Camilla Pemberton *(in top right-hand corner)* all neat and tidy for her wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, with Mr. John Denison-Pender but below is what—

—The unruly wind did with Miss Pemberton's veil as she left the Church

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND: The wedding in Westminster Cathedral of Lord Pollington, heir of the Earl of Mexborough, and Miss Josephine, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Fletcher of Saltoun, was remarkable for a group of perfectly fascinating bridesmaids

Fashions of the hour may even be comic, but they have the virtue, say our authors, of being the mode

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

THE AGE OF STYLE

By LEONTINE H. SANDERS and MARY DAY WINN

"Continual change in her clothes and the scenes which form the background of her personality is a feminine necessity . . . ."

An exclusively male group of citizens, shipwrecked for life on an uninhabited island, would not spend five minutes of their abundant leisure beautifying either their persons or their surroundings. An exclusively female group, similarly cursed by fate, would soon work out a special pattern for ankle bracelets and sea-shell cups, and would squander a good many hours each week imparting a smart twist to palm-leaf skirts.

Style is a feminine invention and the answer to a feminine urge.

In the name of Fashion, the whole complexion of modern business and social life is being continually "slicked up and made over." This general embellishment is not confined to clothes. Pink bows are being tied, metaphorically speaking, on practically everything visible to the eye. Nothing is too lowly or uncouth, or too sacred or exalted, to escape the demands of style. Egg-beaters, ocean liners, hymns, funerals, popular biographies, refrigerators, symphonies, beauty parlours, locomotives, perfume bottles, church architecture, male linen, book titles, pet dogs, aeroplanes, motor-cars, and husbands—all have been brought up to date.

A good deal of masculine ink has been spilled in the effort to prove that women are the more conservative sex; that men are the Great Adventurers, always forging ahead into new and dangerous fields, while women, as the guardians of the race, form the anchor drag.

Yet in forty years these bold masculine explorers have not been able to whip up their courage to discard the stiff, unbecoming, and uncomfortable, but thoroughly conventional bowler hat, although in that same period women's hats have ventured in and out of endless and terrifying style variations. Nor have the surroundings of these militant males shown a more marked variety than their clothes; until the influence of women changed the appearance of the office from that of a jail to a living-room its furnishings had hardly varied in half a century. The walnut desk that was good enough for grandfather continued to be good enough for grandson; in that same period the family home, over which the women presided, had changed its complexion from Victorian to a dozen different styles.

Continual change in her clothes and the scenes which form the background of her personality is a feminine necessity. The theory that the only reason for style change is the desire of merchants to sell more goods is an incomplete one, and does not touch the core of the problem; the strategy of the merchants, like that of the man who commands a runaway horse to keep on running and a balky one to stand still, would avail them nothing if style change were not a response to a real feminine need. Woman, by her biological nature, lives in the moment, for the moment is brief and must not be wasted. It is essential that all the world shall know that she belongs to *to-day*, not to yesterday nor the day before. If she fails to give this impression of up-to-dateness, the fact is usually taken as a confession that her day has passed.

Hence the continued demand of woman for a visible mutability in all the expressions of her personality—clothes, house furnishings, jewels, motor-cars, popular songs, pet dogs, hair cuts, friendships. If there were no style changes from year to year it would become increasingly difficult to date a woman by her appearance and surroundings. Grandmother and granddaughter would tend to look more and more alike. Even European peasants, many of whom wear the same general style of clothes for centuries, realize this need for a sartorial date line, and frankly counteract the effect of their dress conservatism by customs which arrange for women to indicate their age or matrimonial state by wearing a special cut of apron or cap.

This gown in Oriental shaded metallic brocade is beautiful enough, but its chief virtue, claim the authors of these notes, is that it is 1930 and not 1929

One industry after another has arrived, sometimes painfully, at the realization that it must either be up-to-date or not at all. It is dawning on manufacturers that for anything they offer the public to bear the stamp of yesterday is fatal. Uncalled for and unloved, it languishes in that group officially described as "frozen merchandize"—until some far-sighted person comes along and gives it chic and sex appeal.

Here, for example, is that corner of Wallflower Row occupied not so long ago by the highbrow periodicals, all of them a little bit frumpy as to covers and contents. One fine day an editor with a fashion sense and some knowledge of the psychology of colours dressed his old lady in an orange outside and rejuvenated her interior into a polite version of the popular confession magazine. Immediately she became the belle of the ball, and orange covers the vogue.

Equally significant is the passion for style which has swept over house-building and house-furnishing, down to the smallest detail of equipment. Almost every industry which falls into this class is in a continual ferment redesigning and colouring its products so that they will fit into the setting of to-day—for not to fit means business stagnation. Even antiques must be the antiques of the moment; they must belong to that particular group of art objects or eccentricities which the roving eye of the public has singled out this year for its favour.

Fashion has invaded the kitchen, and sinks have blossomed out in mauve and pink and rose and green, making it necessary for the manufacturers of stoves, garbage pails, refrigerators, and dust-pans to remodel their wares to match the popular colour schemes.

The style furore has undoubtedly waxed hottest in the bathroom. A decorator, lecturing recently before a Boston audience, remarked that "Of course the popular colour for the bath itself is black, as it shows up the flesh tints so beautifully." But there are some flesh tints which could not stand the effect of a black background! It is for them, perhaps, that tiles, fixtures, and tubs have flowered out in rainbow hues.

All this colour explosion, however, has opened up a new commercial problem.

A grave necessity, therefore, confronts the manufacturers—that of getting together and matching their colour schemes.

Even man himself is hearing the call of style more clearly than ever before. The first items of his clothing to show the peacock trend were those articles frequently selected for him by his wife, but the rainbow tendency is working out to the surface, and every season he is becoming more resplendent, more anxious to take a front row part in the extravaganza of modern life. His special hosiers are luring him with all the arts of to-day.

To be chic one must look like to-day—yesterday and to-morrow are not wanted—one must be of the moment

The WORLD of WOMEN — (cont.)

MODERN IRONWORK

By BASEDEN BUTT

Modern decorators are paying so much attention to the possibilities of wrought-iron work that there is a great revival in this craft. The new ironworkers seem singularly happy in fashioning this metal into designs which express the modern spirit while remaining free from every trace of eccentricity. Even the most conservative must admit that in the work of such designers as Edgar Brandt, Paul Kiss, or Raymond Subes there is something not only unique but truly beautiful.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH UP-TO-DATE: Making an ornamental gate in the smithy at Send

To Conceal the Radiator

This ironwork is being put to highly practical uses. It is employed a great deal for radiator grilles, thereby transforming the paraphernalia of central heating from objects of unsightliness into things of beauty. It is used also for fire screens—for gas, electric, or coal fires—and as a fireplace *décor* in summer. Sometimes wrought iron forms a feature both decorative and useful in the doors of cabinets or sideboards, and innumerable details and accessories of furnishing are available in this metal. There are many wrought-iron lamp standards, whether for floor or table; wrought-iron mirror frames, console tables, fire-dogs, writing sets, smokers' outfits, decorative candle sconces. A modern wrought-iron salver for visiting cards gives a cachet of distinction to the hall. There are even wrought-iron nutcrackers of definitely modern design.

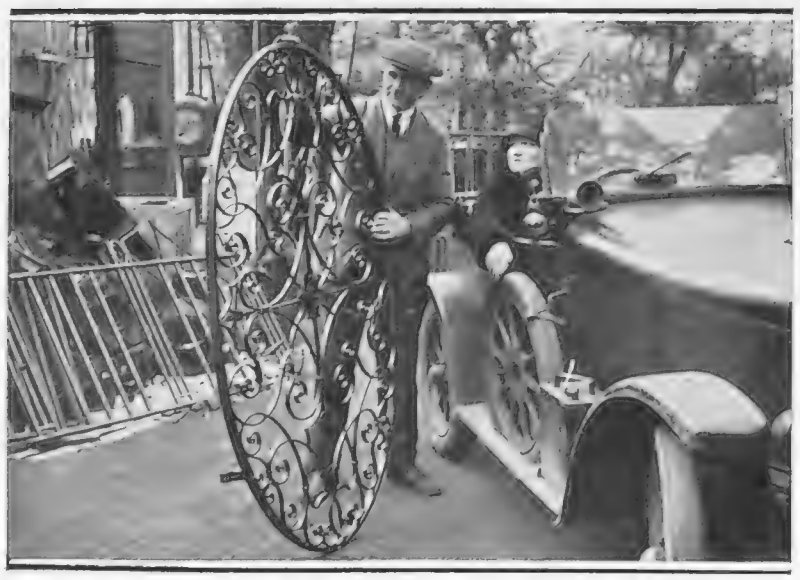
A TABLE STANDARD in wrought iron for electric light

HIDING THE RADIATOR is always a problem, but one solved by this beautiful radiator grille in wrought iron, designed by Edgar Brandt

AN INTERIOR DOOR of wrought iron for a modern flat

Some of the electric standards are combined with modern glass by designers such as Lalique and Daum. In some instances the iron framework has been made first, and afterwards the glass shade has been blown into it so that it bulges through the interstices. Iron and glass are then so completely wedded as to be inseparable.

Balconies and balustrades are frequently of wrought iron, and their character is such that they harmonize successfully with modern architecture and decoration.



A TEMPTING PIECE: Showing a specimen of the beautiful craftsmanship — an ornamental gate — done at the Send, Surrey, ironworks

For Interior Doors

Interior doors, such as the doors communicating between dining-room and lounge, are sometimes of wrought iron and sometimes of iron combined with engraved glass. Another very practical use for iron doors is as a screen or grille before windows, as shown in one of the photographs. This is not only very decorative, it is also a protection against burglars. Neither light nor air is obstructed by the iron, which is certainly a great improvement on the old-fashioned shutters once universal.

A Green Patina is Pleasant

Some of this ironwork has a subdued and very pleasant greenish patina, and although hard and cold to the touch, it can be remarkably soft to the eye. And many of the designs executed in this intractable metal are so delicate that they almost suggest carving or some kind of textile; indeed, once or twice the ironworker has been complimented by having his designs copied in lace! The patterns are sometimes so clever that it is as though the iron had burst into leaf and flower, with iron birds and animals and dancing human figures. Of course the modern ironworker avails himself of modern science and machinery. He uses the oxydric blowpipe and the mechanical hammer, and he obtains iron of great ductility by means of electrolysis. But the designer is always master of his machine, his work is primarily a product of mind and hand.

FRENCH IRONWORK: The beautiful window grilles in this charming room are the work of the French artist, Edgar Brandt

The WORLD of WOMEN (cont.)

FROM MEWS LOFT TO MODERN FLAT

Pictured and Described

by JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

There is a very great deal of interest for any decoratively-minded woman (whether or not she be expert) in the successful handling of a problem *inexpensively!*

This has been done in a certainly delightful little flat not a hundred miles from Belgrave Square, a flat that was once just the ordinary mews loft that it is becoming increasingly fashionable to inhabit!

This little hall was once a hay-loft. The two processional lanterns make a striking note in the decoration

The dining-room of the mews flat is purely Victorian. Most of the furniture came from the Caledonian Market

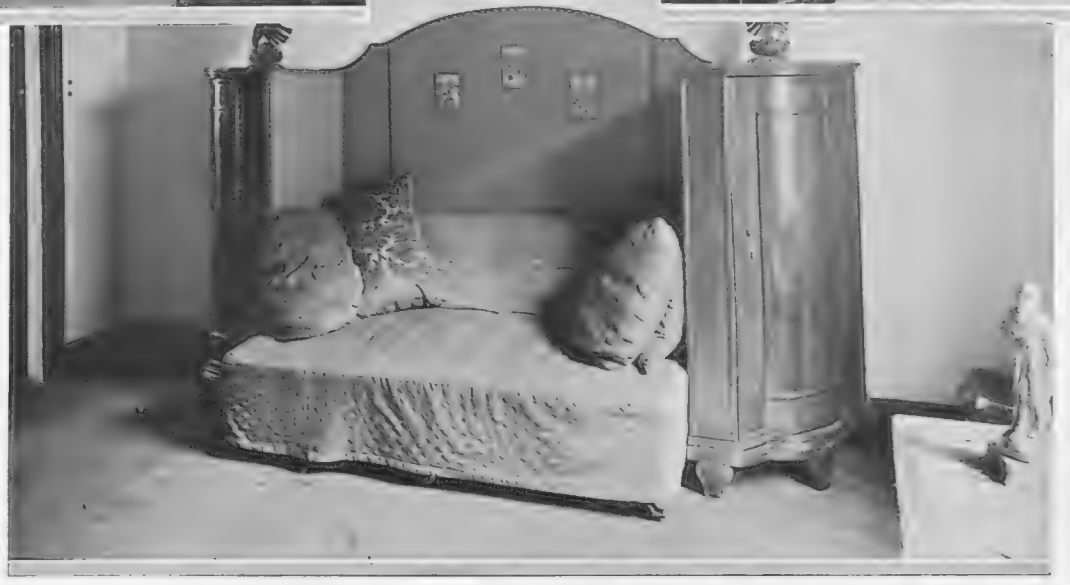
There is a medieval note about this room, with its old hooded fireplace and antique desk

The responsibility is "Olivotti's," and as most of us know, that is the other personality of the Marchese Malacrida. He was faced with the problem of making an original habitation of a stable-top without undue expense and, of course, in that style of interior decoration that he has made particularly his own.

He has been extremely successful and has even ventured to add a successful decorative "joke" in the perfect reproduction of a Victorian dining-room which you see illustrated, and which, I believe, hails in some details from the Caledonian Market!

The interest of the flat lies largely in the fact that very little structural alteration was done, and that a sense of space has been given to the rather small rooms by the extreme simplicity of the wall-colourings and by the rigid adhesion (with the exception of the famous dining-room) to a coherent plan of campaign.

The cost runs round about the three hundreds in pounds for the decoration; obviously some of the furniture is inherited, and it gives the style and atmosphere to the rooms. The Marchese, who has so much lavish loveliness to his credit, has shown the real restraint of the artist in dealing with this little bachelor flat.



This combination of settee and cupboards is one of the most striking—and probably most useful—pieces of furniture in a flat where every foot of space is precious

The only extravagance—if it can be called such a thing—seems to be in the adaptation of the tiny stair-head: here the processional lamps lend a dignity and a character that make them always and everywhere a decorative note of the greatest importance! As witness (to those who have seen it) the hall of the Marchioness of Queensberry's Westminster house by another successful decorator who also recognizes their value.

A deliberate sparsity of furniture gives an effect of space in the bedroom of the tiny flat. The furniture is walnut, and the texture and colour of the bedspread, in harmony with the colour scheme of blue and yellow, makes the dominant note in the decoration

All is not angular that is modern by any manner of means, and the little flat in Lyall Mews is essentially modern in its simplicity, as you can see if you compare the perfectly reproduced Victorian detail in its dining-room with the rest of the rooms, with their quiet, warm colours and their simplicity.

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

As things are so depressing at the present time, the powers that look after our entertainment seem to think it will cheer us up to show us as many horrors and sudden deaths as is possible to crowd into an evening's "enjoyment."

The much-heralded film, *The Phantom of the Opera*, has been put on at the Dominion Theatre with a great fanfare of trumpets. It was originally made as a silent film, but parts of it have since been synchronized, which is all very confusing.

It is the most depressing entertainment it has been my privilege to witness, and makes the *Grand Guignol* seem like a musical comedy in comparison. The photography is reminiscent of the early Charlie Chaplin pictures, although some of the scenes are in colour, if heliotrope faces and green hands can be described as such.

The only good point about this film is that the crowd scenes are very well directed, although one is asked to believe that nearly all the visitors to the Grand Opera, Paris, were officers in parade uniform. They even show us a British Marine Gunner going to the opera in Paris in uniform, complete with helmet—a most un-Marine-like procedure. We are further regaled by seeing three Cossack officers at the opera in fur hats.

On the evening I saw this *opus* the audience started laughing at the most tragic moments, but the horrific appearance of Lon Chaney soon stifled this, as his frightful face was certainly nothing to laugh at.

The whole story is so absurd that I suppose it is to the credit of the producer that the audience did not laugh the whole time.

A man whose ugliness is such that he has to wear a mask, which makes him only slightly less revolting, builds a self-contained flat (h. and c.) under the Paris Opera for the sole and laudable purpose of abducting an attractive young opera *diva* with whom he has become enamoured.

He feels the best way of doing this is to become a rather obvious ghost, and by speaking to people from behind walls, etc., to terrify them to such an extent that he only has to ask the directors of the opera to give his *amorata* a leading part for them to thankfully agree. One night they do not obey his behest, so he playfully drops the massive chandelier on to the bejewelled and uniformed denizens of the stalls. This perhaps explains why the British Marine goes to the opera wearing a helmet, although it did not look a very substantial protection against the heavy chandelier hurtling down from the roof.

The young woman is safely abducted, but her handsome soldier-lover bravely follows her, only to fall through a trap-door into a medieval torture-chamber where we see him having a most unpleasant time.

Just when the heroine has agreed to worse than death to save her lover, the entire male population of Paris pours in and pounds the villain until he must be very dead.

The film was preceded by what is known in America as a "dance presentation," which was much too long. In the States every picture theatre has a show of this nature, in which are incorporated the most highly-paid variety acts. I am quite sure that this combination of talking-pictures and first-rate variety will grow in this country until it becomes the main form of popular-priced entertainment, excepting for the West-end music halls, which will continue to show full variety programmes.

The Palladium is continuing its policy of introducing splendid novelties to London audiences and is this week showing two Acts which are as good as anything that has ever been seen in this fair land of ours. I refer to the Michon Brothers, who do everything but kill themselves in an uproarious manner, and Barry and Whitlege, who earn many laughs without seemingly any effort at all. These two alone would make any West-end revue a success, especially as they are such a contrast in the noble art of provoking laughter.

MR. BOBBY HOWES, AS JIMMY CANFIELD, IS ARRESTED AS A SPY: On the left is Yvonne (Miss Mireille Perrey) in Sons o' Guns *at the Hippodrome. The plot is distinguished by the fact that Jimmy, the hero, does marry Yvonne, and not his first English love, at the end of this stirring musical evening*

I never go to the Lyceum Theatre without a feeling of pleasurable excitement, whether it be to see a stupendous pantomime or a blood-curdling melodrama. I was, therefore, in my seat in good time to witness *Traffic*, as I had heard that it was a good example of the latter.

Dr. Noel Scott, the author, believes in giving the Lyceum public what they want, and he must have read the prologue spoken by David Garrick at the opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane:

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live."

He certainly left none of melodrama's most popular ingredients out, as in the space of a little over two-and-a-half hours he placed before us three murders, a suicide, several abductions, some gun-play in the dark, the inner workings of the white-slave trade, and a collection of most unsavoury-looking crooks headed by a mysterious character whom none of the gang had ever seen, but who was referred to as "The Boss." Every good writer of drama has a character of this sort who is either named "The Shadow," "The Phantom," or "The Chief." In this case the Boss is such an interesting mystery that I felt inclined to say "Great Stuff This Boss."

Although the veteran of a thousand battle-scarred first nights, I recaptured all the old thrill as the curtain rose on a dimly-lighted library of a lonely house in the middle of Hampstead Heath and an amiable old gentleman in a skull cap and carpet slippers meandered in, softly humming to himself.

He looked such a nice old man, but the skull cap and carpet slippers immediately made me suspect that his pleasant exterior hid a black and wicked heart. It was soon disclosed that my suspicions were not without foundation, as he at once started giving a very deaf and foolish henchman orders regarding the sending of beauteous English maidens to South America for seemingly other purposes than their health.

He did not seem very clever in entrusting this duty to a man who had to use an apparatus which looked rather more intricate than a ship's wireless for the purpose of hearing.

He also sells an obviously stolen pearl necklace to an immaculate Argentinian gentleman who expresses a wish to take the old man's pretty secretary to his native land in his private yacht. This seems a very good start, but there is much better to follow. The old rascal seems to be a good judge of a pretty face, as he also has a beautiful housekeeper (Mary Glynne), whose sole duties appear to be to smoke innumerable cigarettes.

However, he quickly meets retribution, as he gets his throat cut by an unseen assailant, to everyone's huge satisfaction.

Late that night the victim's nephew, Tony (Dennis Neilson-Terry) finds the body and sends for the police. Two detectives arrive, and the rest of the scene is taken up by Tony cracking jokes at the obviously half-witted detectives' expense.

Why is it that although the average Englishman has a great regard and almost affection for the members of the police force, he loves to see them ridiculed on the stage?

The Lyceum audience seemed to enjoy it greatly, and every time one of the detectives was made to look a fool there were shouts of laughter and sometimes rounds of applause.

In the next Act, which takes place a week later, an unprepossessing young woman who had, it appeared, come back from South America after discovering that she had not been taken there only for the sea trip, is threatening all and sundry with exposure and gets knifed in the garden for her pains. She is brought in as near dead as dammit, and just as she is about to disclose who the mysterious Boss really is, passes away.

The following night the pretty secretary is to be abducted, but the housekeeper obligingly takes her place. It seems that a public-house at Poplar named *The Three Pigeons* is the dumping-place for the goods before shipment, so we are taken there to watch with relish the annoyance of the crooks when they find they have collared the wrong girl. The deaf gentleman then wanders in to turn King's Evidence, but just as he is about to disclose the identity of his master the lights go out, and they all start playing *Hallow'een* in the dark with cannons. An old trick in crook plays but always effective.

At this point the story starts getting very involved, but at the end most of the crooks appear to be honest men, and most of the people who seemed to be on the side of law and order turn out to be rogues and vagabonds.

Of course I spent the entire evening guessing wrongly who *The Boss* really was, as he turns out to be the only person who I could not conceivably have thought could be the arch-villain of the piece.

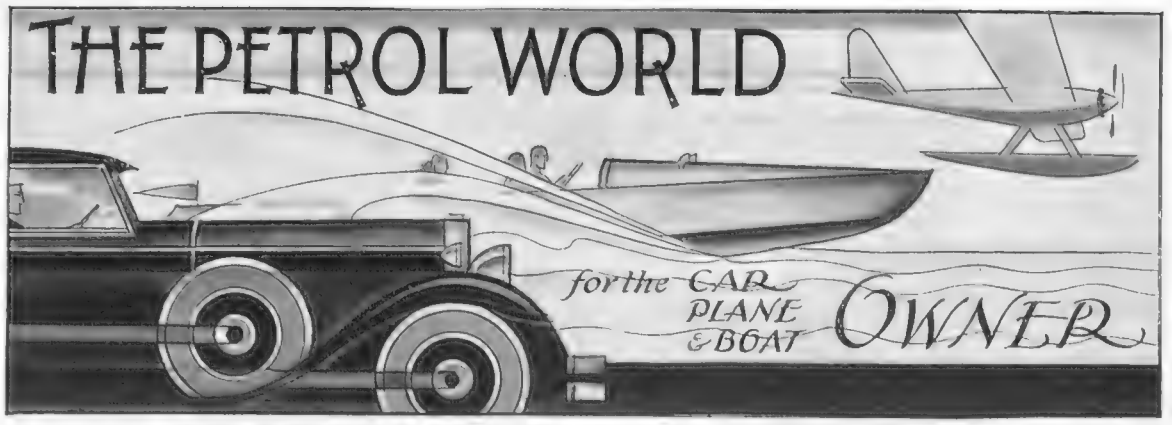
Although the show seems amateurish in comparison with the work of the great master of crook plays and books, Edgar Wallace, it is good, honest melodrama, and should be greatly to the liking of the vast hordes for which the Lyceum caters.

I could not help comparing it to the *Phantom of the Opera* film I had seen the preceding evening, and as far as thrills and general entertainment are concerned, much better value for money is to be had at the Lyceum, especially as the prices of the two theatres are on a par. The acting in *Traffic* was good, especially that of Mary Glynne. Dennis Neilson-Terry made a speech after the show which was nearly as long as the play, but everybody listened most sympathetically.

It is good to see this charming couple back in London again, and I hope that their reign at the Lyceum will be long, glorious, and above all, remunerative.

THE MOST SELF-ABNEGATING STAGE PICTURE EVER PUBLISHED BY "THE SPHERE": Miss Mary Newcomb—back view—gives all the limelight to Mr. John Wyse as Maurice. Miss Newcomb's season at the Little Theatre with Jealousy *is proving a great success*

The Finest Whisky on 'Record'



Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE "CROCK" DERBY. — The motorist's August Bank Holiday would not be complete without a Brooklands Open Meeting taking place. The races this year are more than interesting, and included in the programme is an entirely unique event. Approximately forty "Old Crocks" will, as it were, renew their acquaintanceship with each other on the concrete at Weybridge. These cars have been entered for a one-lap race, and every one of those competing is at least twenty-five years of age. The oldest is a veteran that was built thirty-seven years ago when the words "motor-car" conveyed to the minds of the public a mechanical contraption which made a lot of noise, raised clouds of dust, and left behind it a most abominable smell.

These old warriors are only being asked to complete one lap, just about 2½ miles. Judging by the way they have always acquitted themselves in the annual run from London to Brighton I have no hesitation in saying that once they get started they will complete the distance. The start will be in full view of the public, and I cannot imagine anything more intriguing than looking at the drivers endeavouring to get their vintage mounts to spring into life. Having once succeeded and the starter's flag is dropped they are confronted with what is generally looked upon as a very slight gradient, but these old cars will probably groan and squeak whilst tackling it.

A "RAZOR-STROP" BRAKE.—Amongst the entries are cars of historical interest. The old warrior of 1893 is still in daily service up in Scotland and many others are likewise in daily use. One of the cars can boast of having taken the late King Edward as a passenger, whilst another was actually the first car to make a complete circuit of the Brooklands track. Again one of the veterans has spent much of its life in the open, in fact it stayed there so long on the same spot that a tree grew through it, and this had to be cut down in order to free it for this race. Others have been used as hen coops, and another was built specially for one of the big continental races, and so should feel quite at home in spite of its years on the Brooklands track.

Some of the drivers are very far removed from the "Old Crock" category. Mr. John Cobb, whom Brooklands habitués are accustomed to see hurtling round the track at over 120 m.p.h. on a Delage, will drive the old Siddeley which went round the track in 1906. Mr. S. C. H. Davis, who is one of the star turns in road-racing, will endeavour to coax an old Leon Bollée, which he dug out of a French farmyard and bought for the large sum of 300 francs last year. It has only three wheels, and its gear-change is reputed to be baffling, even after practice, to the redoubtable "Sammy" Davis. Its brakes are a pure joy, one consists of a razor strop which can be made to press against the periphery of the fly-wheel, whilst the other is a crude block of wood against which the back wheel can be pushed. Other well-known drivers will take part in this historic event, which is sure to draw large crowds to the meeting, particularly as the price of admission has been reduced to 2s. 6d. for this particular occasion.

MY OWN CAR.—A correspondent has written to ask me if I would tell him what car I am driving at the moment, or what cars I use for the routine work down at Brooklands. As there may be other of my readers who are equally interested let me tell them that for my own personal use I run a 2-litre speed model Lagonda. I have had this car since March, and have covered 7,600 miles since then. It is an open four seater, and is of the type known as the low chassis model. For the last few years I have always owned a closed car, and so the change to an open one must be looked upon as an experiment. There is no getting away from the fact that the ideal thing would be to have two cars, one closed and one open, particularly if one's business demands the use of the road. When I had a closed car I drove to London every day to my office, and for London work no other type of bodywork would suit. Now, however, that I do my daily work at Weybridge in the country the possession of a closed car is not necessary. Again, having decided to own a Lagonda, which, of course, is a fairly speedy vehicle, an open car is more enjoyable, for speed, boxed in with glass all round is a sensation which I do not relish. At the same time, if one's life entails attending evening functions or theatres a closed car is preferable, and therefore if one can afford it, two separate vehicles are the ideal. If one's bank balance makes one vehicle alone advisable, perhaps the best compromise is a saloon with a sliding top, but although this type of body is excellent it still falls short of the real open car.

Twice Favoured: Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught taking delivery of their second Singer Super Six at the Company's Stratton House Showrooms, Piccadilly. On the left is Mr. W. E. Bullock, Managing Director of the Company explaining details of the engine

NO FAULT TO BE FOUND.—As regards this Lagonda of mine I can say straight away that I am more than pleased with its performance. It is not frightfully fast, inasmuch as it will not do ninety, but it might be persuaded to do eighty. What pleases me immensely is that on a journey of any length I can cruise along at a speed between 50 and 60 m.p.h. with a lot of reserve up my sleeve and with the engine ticking over quite quietly without fuss or noise, and at this rate of progress I am running no more risks than any other driver on an ordinary car at 35 m.p.h. It goes round corners at speeds which the ordinary car could never do without accident. As regards its petrol consumption I find that it will do from 18 to 20 m.p.g. according to whether the run is through traffic or in the open country. The oil consumption can only be measured by the number of times I completely refill the sump because since I have had the car I have never yet been able to put a teaspoonful into the sump, there apparently being no wastage whatever, and so the only time new lubricant is introduced is when I drain away the old.

AN UNIQUE TESTIMONIAL.—Crossley Motors, Limited, have sent me a copy of the following letter. As this speaks for itself I make no further comment.

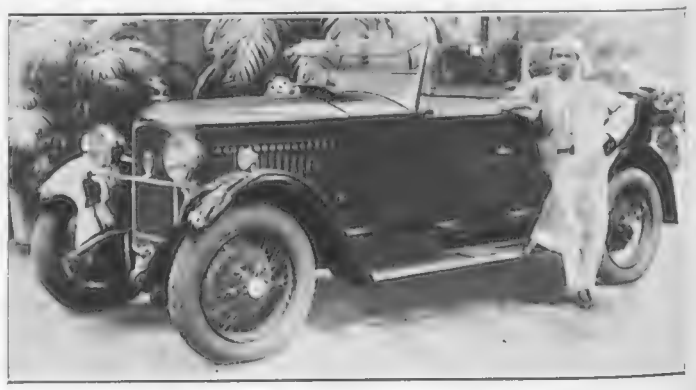
"I am sending you a recent photo of my car, which is still going strong after 18 years' hard work in the Donegal Highlands. The engine number, 3051, will enable you to verify the age of this car which, I am pleased to say, has never yet cost me one penny of garage expenses, with one single exception when my son, who was learning to drive, broke a pinion, which cost me £2 2s. to replace. No other overhaul expenses were ever incurred with this car, and it is still going strong although my daily round entails journeys through a very mountainous district of 50 miles per day. The car is registered for current period with Donegal County Council, so that anyone who doubts my word can easily test same by seeing my registration card, which gives engine number and full particulars. Your factory paint is still on the car, and often the back seat is loaded with 2 cwt. of beef for delivery. I am sending you the picture and this letter as I think my car has beaten all records in line of economy, and as I have never been delayed or disappointed on a run, yet I think nothing can come within shouts of my car for quick and efficient service."

THE BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN MOVEMENT.—Considerable interest is being directed at present towards the efforts being made by big commercial undertakings with extensive advertising appropriations to preserve the beauties of the countryside by removing wayside advertisements from sites where they might give offence. The oil companies have been specially active in this direction, but it is doubtful if it can fairly be claimed that any one company has contributed more than another towards the "Beautiful Britain" movement. More than six years ago the British Petroleum Co., Ltd., made a public announcement to the effect that they were removing all their wayside signs in rural areas, and this work was carried out very promptly, at considerable financial sacrifice due to rent contracts. It is not, however, only wayside signs to which exception can be taken. Unbeautiful filling stations and garish petrol pumps are regarded in many quarters as eyesores, and in deference to this view the B.P. company some three years ago repainted its thousands of pumps an attractive shade of green, which colour it was found, after experiment, proved to blend best with the dominant colours of the wayside. This in conjunction with the B.P. general policy of roadside sign removal is specially commendable, and the example, if generally followed, would do much to improve the amenities of the countryside.

ROVER'S EMINENT NEWCOMER.—I learn that Mr. S. W. Phillips, who for some years has occupied the position of publicity manager with the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., is relinquishing that post in order to take up a similar appointment with The Rover Company of Coventry.

The car that is used for track work is an ordinary standard Austin Seven Chummy. For years I have had a tender spot in my heart for this car, having owned two of them some years ago and having covered during that time about 32,000 miles. Although some people have been heard to say that the modern Austin Seven is not as carefully turned out and is not so well finished or so smooth running as the earlier ones, I have found that such rumours have absolutely no foundation in fact.

Centres of Public Admiration: Miss Jane Welsh, the well-known actress now appearing in Cochran's 1930 Revue, with the Wolseley Hornet saloon recently supplied to her by Messrs. Eustace Watkins



World-wide Popularity: Mr. Ohn Maung, the leading film producer in Burma, with his Vauxhall Princeton tourer. This interesting picture clearly shows how well known are Vauxhall products throughout the world

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CONTRASTS OF LIFE IN EAST AFRICA: "I shot these three lions before breakfast, at Rukwa Lake," writes C. P. Goss, the hunter, and on the right is the modern Tudor architecture of Government House, Nairobi

EAST AFRICA TO-DAY

by the Right Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, M.P.

(Continued from page 226)

Something must be said of East Africa's wonderful mountain scenery. Few who have ever seen the eternal snows of Kilimanjaro, close on 20,000 ft. high, of Mt. Kenya or Ruwenzori in Uganda, can ever forget the splendour of the sight—for they rise as almost isolated masses out of the vast expanses of the virgin plains of Africa. Though not so high, each being about 14,000 ft., nothing can surpass the grandeur of shape and outline of Mt. Meru near Arusha in Tanganyika, or of Mt. Elgan, the immense extinct volcano that separates Kenya from Uganda. For a combination of romantic mountain scenery with magnificent flora and a pageant of wild game probably the best place is the south-western corner of Uganda near the Belgian Congo frontier. Here, with the neighbouring area in the Congo, is the last and only home of the gorilla, the largest of the great apes, now happily vigilantly preserved.

Every year travel in East Africa has become more easy and more comfortable. Not only are there the railways and the lake steamers on all the great lakes, but the motor-car is becoming ubiquitous. In Uganda the roads are really excellent. Kenya and Tanganyika are now making up for lost time in the same respect. But the combination of tropical rainstorms and earth roads still make the use of motor transport uncertain at particular times of year. Still from May to October the car is already able to take you mostwheres. Every year sees an increasing number of tourists who do the trip by sea to Mombasa and home down the Nile from Mongalla Rejaf in the Southern Soudan; the overland trip is done by a combination of rail, road, and lake steamer. New hotels are springing up in all the principal centres of administration and settlement. I take the following eloquent advertisement from the handbook of *Travel in Kenya and Uganda*, issued by the Trade and Information Office of H.M.'s East African Dependencies, Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square. It reads: "Ruwenzori — The Mountains of the Moon Hotel, Fort Portal, Uganda—telegrams, 'Romance, Fort Portal, Uganda —Most up-to-date hotel in the country, electrically lit throughout — Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Boating, Tennis, and Golf." This is not bad for the centre of Darkest Africa, where only thirty years ago the first British Administration was just beginning to be established.

So far I have written of the fascination of East Africa to the outward eye, but I must say a word about the problems which lie ahead, which indeed are already upon us with somewhat vigorous insistence. In the clubs and hotels of Nairobi, the young and proud capital of Kenya, you will hear a good deal of politics being talked. The European colony in Kenya is about as vocal a community of our race as has ever set out to establish itself in a place in the sun. Kenya seems to excite passions both in Kenya and, at times, in England, and the heat of controversy over big things and small is well maintained. East Africa seems to induce intense love for the country in the hearts and minds of most who know her, and almost equally intense hatred in the minds of a small minority who know her and in the minds of many who don't.

There is no easy way out of any of these controversies for anyone either in East Africa or at Westminster. There is a fine mix-up of unfusable matter in the East African crucible. White-hot bits seem to be continually splashing out of that simmering crucible, and in very truth the inter-racial and other problems of East Africa are big enough and difficult enough to tax the highest qualities of statesmanship in the British Empire.

THE MEN OF THE TREES MOVEMENT IN EAST AFRICA: The upper view shows an inaugural ceremony of the Watu Wa Miti, "The Men of the Trees," at Kikuyu, in the Highlands of Kenya, when over 3,000 natives assembled to take part in the tree planting movement, which is spreading successfully in Kenya. Below is a native village in the Kenya Highlands

The various East African Territories are each not a little suspicious of their neighbours' behaviour. Each Territory has its own special orthodoxies and heterodoxies over native administration, land tenure, railway rates, Customs duties, even to the use of alternative drugs for the treatment of an identical disease! At any rate East Africa is a thoroughly "live" place, and you are certain to get some electric shocks from some of the many live wires lying about.

To me, who have travelled through all of the Territories, nothing is more curious than the way in which people at home and in East Africa talk about "the native." Now the fact is that the natives of East Africa are far more various and different than the natives of all Europe. In Kenya alone you get the most astonishing contrasts between different tribes, and in regard to some groups of tribes we ought not to speak of tribes, but rather of fundamentally different races with fundamentally different traditions, characteristics, and organization.

In Kenya these different races are distributed like a jig-saw puzzle. In Uganda there is a fairly clear-cut boundary between the southern part, where the Bantus predominate, and the northern, where the Nilotic peoples predominate. If any "Native Policy" is to be successful it must be adapted to the traditions, the needs, and the environmental circumstances of each racial or tribal group, and I for one dismiss as utterly impracticable the idea that there can be a single native policy operating in East Africa. Among the environmental circumstances a factor such as European settlement must be taken into account. A good many mistakes have been made in East Africa in each of the Territories, and these mistakes are nowhere the same mistakes. But once made it is not always very easy to reverse engines and then start again from scratch.

Nevertheless considerable progress has already been made during the last five years in each of the Territories, and, with discretion, more progress will yet be made.

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"SHOOTING" WILD GAME WITH A CAMERA: A very unusual picture of a giraffe standing in water up to his knees. He usually drinks at pools with his legs stretched wide apart

EAST AFRICA—HOW TO GET THERE . . .

One of the most pleasant methods to travel to Kenya and the adjacent Territories is by the Woermann-Linie A.G., Deutsche Ost-Afrika-Linie, Hamburg-Amerika-Linie (Afrika-Dienst), Hamburg-Bremer Afrika-Linie which maintain an excellent and frequent service between European and East African ports.

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TOURS IN EAST AFRICA WITH GUN OR CAMERA.

How to Reach the Wild Game Areas of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika.

A variety of information is given in this issue as to methods of reaching East Africa from this country. There is the additional problem of what to do and how to do it once one has landed from the steamer.

***Touring.*—There is much to be learnt under this heading before anything more is attempted. One's journeys from day to day can be made much more pleasant by a little knowledge gained beforehand.**

***Shooting game with rifle.*—This can be accomplished by anyone with a fair knowledge of shooting with a sporting rifle. At Nairobi, for instance, there are helpful people who will organize a complete safari for the traveller; they will tell him what is possible, and where and when—for a fee.**

***Shooting game with a camera.*—This is a sport requiring some skill, and is perhaps as full of thrills as shooting with a rifle. To go out stalking with a camera will take one into the wild places of East Africa, but just where shall one go?**

The Editor is in a position to assist the reader who is contemplating an East African tour by putting him or her in touch with one or two people who have an intimate knowledge of East African ways as they concern touring and safari life. Any reader interested in the above should write to the Manager, "The Sphere," Travel Bureau (East African Tours), Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.

SHOOTING WILD GAME WITH A RIFLE: A waterbuck shot in Kenya with a Mauser 300 at a distance of 230 yards. These waterbuck have fine spiral horns

THE FRUITS OF SOUTH AFRICA—A REMARKABLE RECORD . . .

The Sundays River Valley in the East Cape Province, about thirty miles from Port Elizabeth, has become renowned throughout South Africa for the outstanding excellence of the oranges and grape-fruit grown on its fertile soils.

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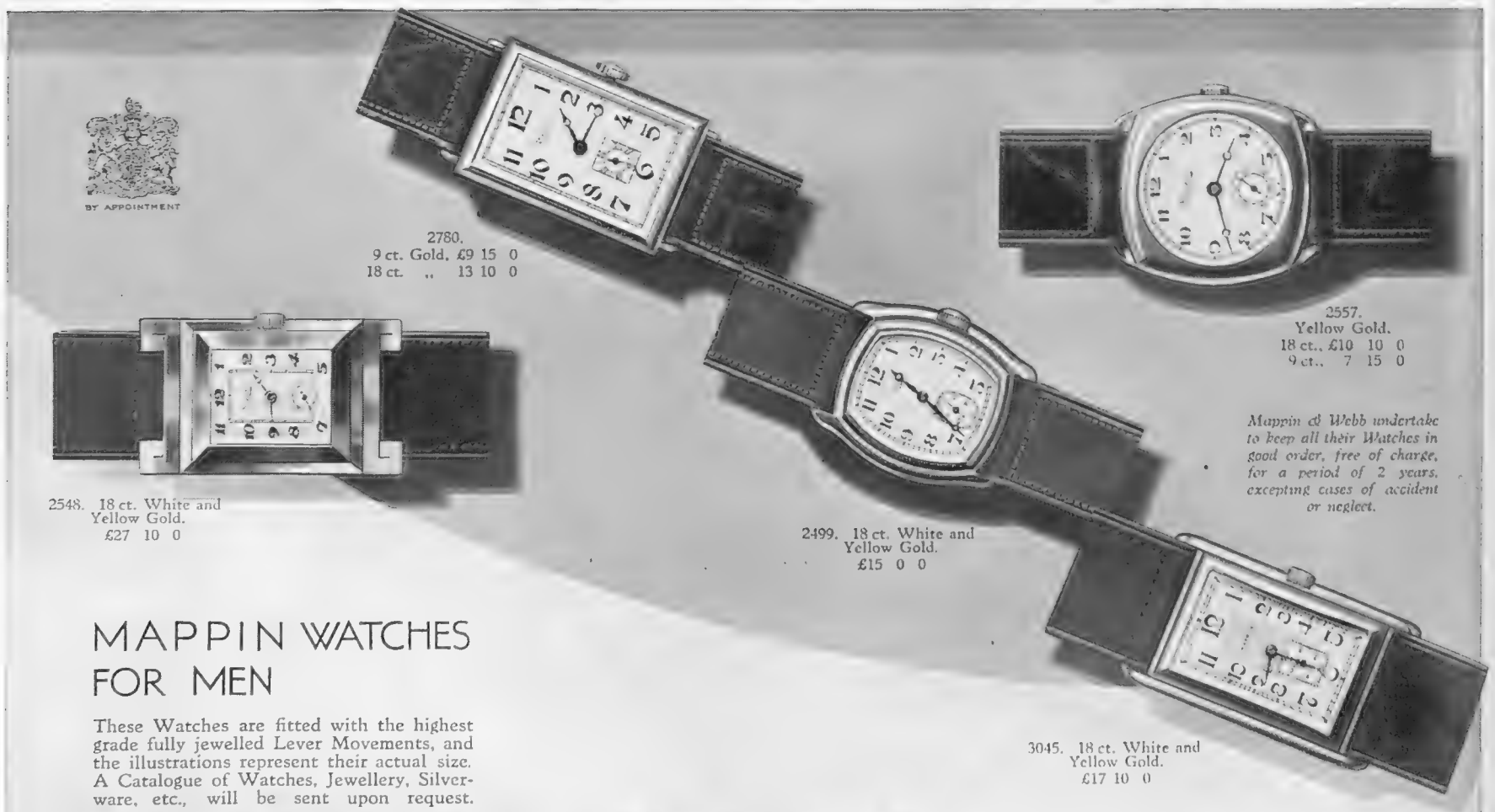
The Great War and many adverse conditions following compelled the postponement and modification of the original plans, but early in 1919 a number of British ex-officers and men migrated to South Africa and took up holdings in the Valley. In 1923 the settlers organized their industry in an association known as The Sunday Rivers Citrus Co-operative Society, which to-day has a membership of 118 growers controlling and marketing the produce from 150,000 trees flourishing in their groves.

In 1925 the company exported to Great Britain its first shipment of a few hundred boxes of oranges and grape-fruit; to-day it is sending some 150,000 boxes of choice fruit to Europe and India.



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Fielder and Batsman, too

The Bold Bradman Analyzed

This young man, Don Bradman. Everybody knows that he is the cricket marvel of this year—and perhaps of a good many years to come, for in a sense he has only just started his career as a scoring-machine, and for all we know he may have lots of new ideas up his sleeve, in reserve, waiting to be unloosed against bowlers and fieldsmen when the emergency presents itself. He has done pretty well up to now, in ordinary matches and in Test matches, which are after all "test" matches in fact as well as in name, but he has done it all so consistently, and so easily that he gives the impression that he has not yet really been tested, and that if he were really pushed he had got a lot more to show us. On the other hand, it may be that there *is*, if we could only find it before September, a joint in his armour, and that he can be brought down, by those who know how, to the level of other Test batsmen, past and present. At the moment he is admittedly on a different plane.

Bradman's first appearance, when he made 236 against Worcestershire, and at once revealed himself as a new star in the cricket sky

And the curious thing is that it is very difficult to say exactly wherein Don Bradman excels, what he does or is that puts him in a class by himself.

Everybody who is going to make runs consistently in first-class cricket against modern bowling and fielding must possess one or more of the following list of standard factors: physical fitness, eye, footwork, wrists, patience, timing ability, confidence, a certain amount of orthodoxy, and perhaps not the least important—luck. There are others that are very helpful, but these will do to go on with. The wider selection a man can claim the higher will his average be at the end of the season.

Bradman has them all, particularly that confidence which is the natural corollary of a long and uniform spell of success.

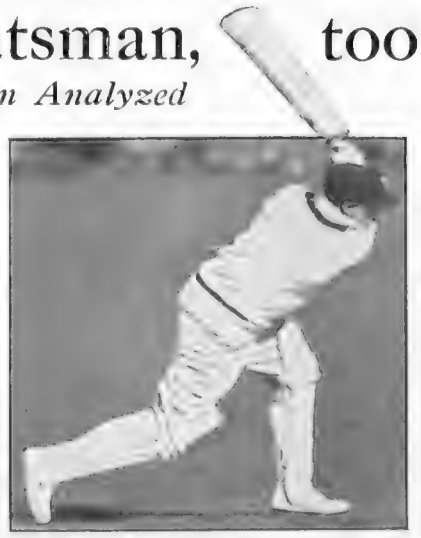
A typical Bradman position, right knee well bent and the bat reminiscent of a pelota player's *cesto*

But it isn't any one or more of these that so distinguish him from other master-batsmen. By this I mean that plenty of other men playing the same class of cricket are equally fit, have as good an eye, are as quick on their feet, and as supple in their wrists, and so on as Bradman.

Moreover, most of the men whom one naturally thinks of in making an analytical comparison of this kind have an advantage, of which Bradman, we know, has been deprived; they have been coached from youth in the lore and craft of batsmanship, and they have been able to watch the master-craftsmen of their generation at the crease both from the pavilion and from the still better vantage point of the field. Incidentally, many a schoolboy cricketer would do well to remember that he can learn much about cricket by watching good cricket *intelligently* when he gets the chance.

But Bradman came straight out of the Australian bush, so to speak, into Test match cricket; his batting is his own product; he has not consciously modelled himself on what he has seen and admired in others. This, when you come to think of it, is one of the most striking points about this young man, for no one would call him an unorthodox batsman; indeed in most of his poses he is orthodoxy itself, and orthodoxy in batting is very far from being natural; the "cow-shot" is the instinctive movement that has to be drilled or beaten out of us all, bushmen or otherwise, before we survive as batsmen.

Bradman's super-features may be numerous. I claim to have noticed two, and a new shot. Firstly, he *thinks* much quicker than most of us, with the result that he knows long before the ball gets to him exactly what he is going to do with it, when he is going to do it, and what the result will be. Secondly, he has an unusual suppleness about the knees which is apparent in most action photographs of him at the crease, though not so marked when he is practising at a net, when he seems to aim at—and achieve—an extreme orthodoxy. This freedom of knee movement, the right knee particularly, seems to be a translation of this quickness of thought. The right knee is almost exaggerately bent in every action-picture here.



Going well out to the pitch of the ball. The bat has "followed through" in the most approved style. Note the determination of this attacking stroke

"Where has it gone?" Whither Bradman intended, of course. Note the flex of the right knee discussed in this article

And the new stroke? It seems to me that his sweep to leg, *along the ground*, of a ball just short of a length deserves to be described as a new stroke. Giants of the past exploited the idea of going down on the right knee and forcing this kind of ball to the on, and most of us ordinary mortals try it occasionally. The theory is that the ball makes contact high up near the shoulder of the bat but leaves it from about the centre or even lower, with a controlled sweeping action governed by the wrist and the body, the latter crouched down on the right knee. The whole action is reminiscent of the flick of the pelota player as the ball is swept out of the *cesto*. Perhaps Don Bradman, has been secretly practising pelota strokes. Which suggests that we shall have to import a Basque bull-fighter to get him out!

P.S.—Since these lines were written something entirely unexpected has happened. Bradman has been got out in a Test Match for less than 20! I can only suggest that a Scottish googly bowler is almost as much of a *rara avis* as a Basque bull-fighter! Perhaps, in the blinding sunshine that is reputed to prevail at Manchester, the two are almost indistinguishable.

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Those Awful Last Seconds Before a Crash

(*Continued from p.* 213)

It is essential that he learn which wheel is gone. If there is an ambulance handy it is trotted out, just to buck up the feelings of the man in the air. Bets are made as to the probable extent of his injuries. An air of excited merriment prevails. Finally the one-legged bird begins to descend.

Of course there is only one thing to do with the crippled machine—hold it off the ground until it has used up every last bit of "flying speed." Stall in the air a few inches up, drop her on her one good wheel with as little forward momentum as possible. Then by aileron control throw the "crippled" side up and the other wing down, so as to hold that stripped axle-tip off the ground up to the last moment. Keep going on the good leg as far as you can go. It won't be long, but with every second you are losing speed. At last the ailerons lose their grip on the air, the high wing comes down—down—down. There is a sudden lurch. The axle has touched. With a heave and a noise of splintered wood the big machine noses over and lifts a mournful tail into the air. Possibly it will go right on its back. The ambulance speeds forth. Loungers race to the scene. Unless the fire demon has been quick to seize the opportunity it is likely that no great harm has resulted from the crash.

When a Wing Breaks Off

If a wing breaks off in the air there is no need to tell the pilot.

The wings of many modern 'planes fold back for convenience in handling on the ground. When outspread for flying they are held in position by bolts in the same simple way that barn doors are bolted. Once in a long while someone is careless in fastening one of these bolts.

In building the modern commercial 'plane the margin of safety is so wide that serious accident through structural failure is almost unknown. Given careful use on the ground and in the air, daily inspection, and replacement of every part that shows undue wear, the 'plane of to-day will stand up. Flying mishaps in nearly every case are the result of neglecting the elemental rules of safety—insufficient inspection or foolhardy flying.

Items of Interest from Far and Near

A GUIDE TO "NAVY WEEK"

The Portsmouth naval authorities have produced for the information and guidance of visitors during "Navy Week" (August 2 to 9) a very complete illustrated guide and souvenir, price 6d. It gives detailed information about everything to be seen, from the *Victory* to the newest battleship; a complete plan of the Dockyard, showing the whereabouts of all the attractions; suggested skeleton routes for the sightseer, and pictures and short histories of many of the ships and of their forerunners of the same name, which will be on view. Altogether this booklet is a very good sixpennyworth, and will be indispensable to the visitor.

ENGLAND'S ANCIENT BUILDINGS

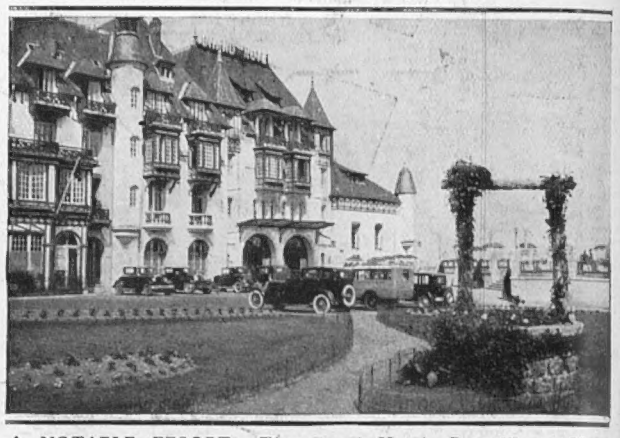
The Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings has issued its annual report for 1930. This is a fascinating little volume full of interest for those who appreciate the charm of the old English countryside. It tells one exactly what has been done to save buildings, bridges, and windmills. It warns us against certain errors in restoration and guides us on the right path in preserving the antiquity which is the rich heritage of this country. Comparative views of buildings, before and after restoration, are very informative. Several pages are devoted to the Society's effort to schedule and preserve the windmills of England, many of which disappear through local causes which are capable of being met. Professor W. R. Lethaby is very illuminating on the subject of the treatment of stone work in medieval times—the practice of plastering and whitewashing buildings was in those days universal, a wise custom which the Professor maintains should be persisted in to-day. Even in ancient days stone was liable to rapid decay.

A WORTHY MEMORIAL

As a memorial to Richard Cadbury and George Cadbury, who created Bournville fifty years ago, the firm of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., have presented Frankley Beeches, near Birmingham, to the National Trust to be preserved free from buildings. Frankley Beeches is a prominent viewpoint 800 ft. above sea level, and can be seen well from Bournville and many other parts on the south side of Birmingham.

INDOOR POLO AT POURVILLE

The authorities responsible for the development of Pourville-sur-Mer, which is now definitely one of the most fashionable French resorts, are introducing a version of polo which is new to England but which is well known in the U.S.A., where it is played by 120 different clubs, and also in France, where it is known as polo-bagatelle. The game is known as indoor polo, because in the first instance it was played in riding-schools; but nowadays it is played outdoors, and an outdoor ground, approximately 70 yards long by 40 yards wide has been prepared for it at Pourville. Indoor polo is played by teams consisting of three riders, and except that the ball is considerably larger than the ordinary polo ball (so that it shall not travel too far on a small ground), the game is played in precisely the same way as ordinary polo.



A NOTABLE RESORT: The Grand Hotel, Pourville-sur-Mer, with the new bathing-pool on the right. This was recently opened with great success

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The Right Hon. Lord Lloyd of Dolobran, P.C., in presenting the prizes at the Annual Prize-Giving in the *Arethusa* Training Ship, complimented the officers and all those in any way connected with the management of the ship. He was very pleased with the way the boys carried out their drill and display and was very glad to hear the excellent report the Admiral gave on his recent inspection. This excellent work for boys is in urgent need of funds. Please send a gift to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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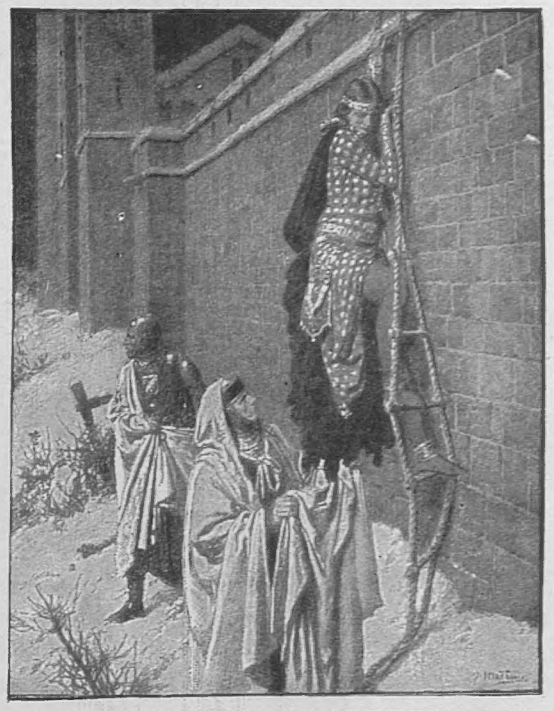

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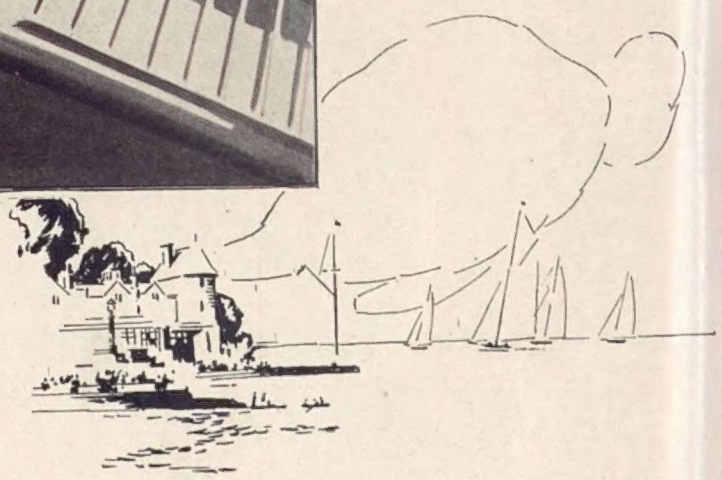

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